The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXVII NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 22, 1923 No. 3033

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Subscription Rates—Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: Nation, New York. Chicago Office: 1170 People's Gas Building. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising: Ernest Thurtle, 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N. W. 4, England.

HOURLY the German situation becomes graver; hourly more blood flows, and hourly those who have hounded Germany into this misery gloat over her suffering and prepare to profit by it. As the New York *World* points out, the French have created a vicious circle: By their occupation of the Ruhr they have brought about the economic collapse of Germany; the collapse of Germany will give France the excuse for permanently holding on to the Ruhr that Germany, being in anarchy, cannot govern herself. In Hilferding Stresemann has selected one of Germany's ablest Socialist economists to conduct the country's finances. But whether real reform is possible depends upon the German industrialists who with the French imperialists are the enemies of the German people. Count Harry Kessler is, we believe, right in declaring that this Cabinet is Germany's last hope. Is it not also likely to be Europe's last hope, since America will not act? More than ever is it clear that if Germany goes down France and every neighboring country will also pay the price. Even in Hungary, Count Bethlen, the Prime Minister, apropos of his urgent appeal to the League of Nations for help, declares: "If by winter the Ruhr question is not solved by America and England, I am afraid serious social upheavals can be expected in Central Europe."

PERHAPS, consciously or unconsciously, the long lassitude of British policy in the face of the Ruhr invasion was not unaffected by the boom in the British coal trade caused by the continental shortage, due to non-production in the Ruhr. Germany has been importing British coal; and the following French official figures are suggestive:

First five months of	Deliveries of German coal and coke	Purchases of English coal and coke
1921	4,260,000 tons	1,985,000 tons
1922	3,597,000 "	5,183,000 "
1923	1,141,000 "	7,700,000 "

THE League of Nations seems bent on proving its weakness and inefficiency just as rapidly and completely as possible. Not only has it steadily ducked the Ruhr issue and meekly consented to having its face slapped by the Poles at Vilna; it has failed utterly to make good its promise really to investigate the scandalous French misgovernment of the Saar (involving such flagrant violations of the Versailles Treaty that no Frenchman can deny them), and has accepted its Opium Committee's report, which carefully refrains from ending the Indian opium traffic whereby the British Government profits so greatly. As for the report of its Disarmament Commission, which Lord Robert Cecil proclaims a wonderful achievement, we are moved by it not at all, for it proposes an elaborate system of international guaranties which it would take a lawyer to understand, and it is all based upon the vicious principles of force, checks and balances, alliances and counter-alliances. True, it proposes to declare all "aggressive warfare an international crime." But who is to decide when a war is aggressive? The Central Powers insist that not they but Russia was the aggressor in 1914, and the causes of the last war are still not yet wholly clear. What is needed is the outlawry of *all war* as war. We shall get nowhere until this step is taken and until we have real disarmament. Meanwhile the French papers openly say that the League proposal will not affect France at all! We have no quarrel with the London *New Leader* for declaring that the League behaves "as an organized hypocrisy."

SIXTEEN Powers have presented a joint note to China regarding the capture by bandits last May of foreigners traveling on the Lincheng railway. The note tells China what she has to do. It is not a diplomatic communication from independent Powers to an independent Power; it is a set of instructions, signed by the strong Powers of the world, to a nation in trouble. The Chinese Government is ordered to pay damages, to dismiss certain officials, and to reorganize her army, and she is informed that the Powers are devising a plan for a special Chinese police force under the supervision of foreign officers. This marks one more stage in the subjection of China to Western capital. Let us not deceive ourselves. The foreigners in China who complain that life is unsafe and who move sixteen governments to act together are not missionaries of Christ; they are apostles of modern industry, of big business, the agents of Western finance. China is to be made safe, not for democracy but for investment. There is one consolation in the spectacle. In past decades the financiers of the European

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countries, seeking control of Africa's markets, raw materials, and opportunities for investment, brought their governments to the verge of war; in China they seem to have achieved an international community of interest.

SPEAKERS at the Williamstown Institute of Politics have referred to the new self-consciousness of the Eastern peoples. Philip Kerr recalls that the democratization of Europe has a history less than a century long and suggests that Asia may move more rapidly. We are wont too easily to accept the colonial status of Asia and Africa as an immutable fact. But the partition of Africa lies not a half century behind us, and has just been revised. Such decisions as that of the British to bar new Indian immigration into the Kenya Colony in East Africa, and such suggestions as that recently made by General Smuts for the compulsory segregation of Indians in urban areas in South Africa, take on a new significance when we look upon them as links in the chain of history. They are parts of the European white man's attempt to stake out all unfilled regions of the earth as exclusive reserves for himself, and to reduce all darker-skinned races to a subordinate position wherever the two come into conflict. They may seem expedient in the present, but they mean terrific race conflicts for future generations.

"DE mortuis nil nisi bonum" has always seemed to us an immoral motto. The only true respect for the dead comes in telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. No man of worth could relish the thought that when he died his political and personal opponents would join his friends and allies in fulsome, indiscriminate, half-meant praise. Had Mr. Harding been able to look down from the Great Beyond and watch the passage of his funeral train from West to East we suspect that he would have welcomed from his heart the silent crowds that paid respect to his human qualities; we feel as sure that he would have writhed at the use of mourning crape and black-bordered type to advertise banks and department-stores, and have been particularly disgusted had he seen the columns of newspapers which had been in constant opposition to him in his life-time mawkishly gush unlimited respect when he was out of the way. There is in much of this funereal display something as cheap and maudlin as the cry of the street hawker: "Get your President Harding buttons here! Show your respect to the dead President! Only five cents!" More dignified and decent is the attempt to analyze honestly, with a respect for truth which even death cannot lessen, the real qualities of a well-meaning but not great man.

OUR army officers, the press reports, are delighted by the accession of Mr. Coolidge to the Presidency because he is so thoroughly committed to preparedness for war. Has he not said that: "The only hope for peace lies in the perfection of the arts of war?" and that "One of our first duties is military training; we must never neglect military preparation again?" And is not a son of his in one of the military training camps in Massachusetts? Well, he comes to the Presidency in the nick of time. The very camp his son attends is 1,000 men short of its possible quota of candidates for military training. And as for the army, it is a fact that so few men are enlisting, and so many old soldiers are getting out, and so many more are distributed among the ludicrously topheavy brigade divisions and corps that some regiments are almost bereft of men. In one of our oldest regiments recently a battalion commander paraded four companies which altogether comprised just nineteen men! Plainly, we need in the White House a glowing enthusiast for the manly art of learning to murder by wholesale, to arouse our recreant sons to their duty.

GOVERNOR HARDWICK of Georgia by executive order last spring abolished the lash in convict camps throughout the State. Representative Bennett of Dodge County, after visiting the camps following this order, reported to the recently adjourned legislature that he found convicts "hung up by their thumbs for hours, or kept all night in torture-boxes, or forced to sit on nails." As a remedy he recommended a return to the lash. "I can hardly blame the wardens," he said, "for resorting to these other measures. . . . There is but one way to handle convicts and that is to put the lash on 'em." Fortunately the Constitutional Amendments Committee disagreed with Mr. Bennett and killed his bill by a vote of 9 to 4. We need in our prisons an entirely different type of mind that recognizes curative, not merely punitive, ends, and is willing to listen to the voice of modern psychology and psychiatry. There is little hope as long as the system prevails condemned in these words by a police court justice: "I think one of the worst evils grows out of the appointment of worn-out politicians as wardens and superintendents. Take ——— for example—the wardens and every guard are changed or practically so with each new State administration, and appointment is solely for political considerations."

WE are beginning to think that the Ku Klux Klan is a reasonably open, democratic sort of an organization. After all, any man owning five dollars who is able to prove that he is neither a Catholic nor a Jew nor a Negro stands a fair chance of admission. Compared, for instance, with the task of achieving citizenship in the United States, the customs of the Klan look positively free and easy. Of course there are Jews and Catholics in the United States who are allowed to vote, and even a few Negroes here and there, but the tests for admission to citizenship are subtler and less easily defined than those of the Klan. You may, for instance, be an orthodox evangelical blond Nordic named Smith and still be blackballed by some judge because you were a conscientious objector in the World War. And just recently a new barrier to citizenship has been erected by a judge in West Virginia. According to a letter from the president of District 16, United Mine Workers, a young miner named Dan Spolarich, an ex-soldier, was denied citizenship papers because he was a member of the union and on strike. Apparently we are establishing a new organization—the Exalted Order of Citizens of the United States, to which only those aliens may be admitted who fall in with the war policies of the Government and the labor policies of our leading coal operators.

"EXTRA" sessions of Congress are getting to be like "extra" and "special extra" and "special sporting extra" editions of our newspapers; they are becoming so frequent as to be no longer extra but regular aspects of our national legislative practice. An extra session of the new Congress, to be worth while, ought to have been called

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last spring, although it is a cruel if not an unusual punishment to compel a legislator to swelter through a summer in Washington which he had hoped to pass studying the financial situation in the Italian Alps or observing agricultural conditions on the beach at Deauville or Ostend. What is needed, as *The Nation* has pointed out before, is a change in our laws which will not leave a gap of more than a year between the election of a new Congress and its first legislative session.

"CIVIC Federation Takes up Economics"—thus a headline in the New York *Times*. We are gratified beyond all words by the news; the Civic Federation has needed just the touch of studious resolve hinted at in those few words. Long has the Civic Federation expounded economics, ranted economics, unblushingly revealed its innocence of economics. Never, as far as we know, has it "taken up" the subject. Let us not read below the headlines or we might begin to doubt the modest, scholarly implication of those words, for our eye catches familiar phrases: "Russian soviets," "forcible overthrow of our government," "worked out in Moscow with uncanny cleverness." Might we discover, if we read with care, that the Civic Federation instead of "taking up" economics is only taking up on a larger scale its old sport of tossing up, and then with wild cries of alarm shooting down, its clay pigeons of revolution?

THE third world congress of Zionists is in session at Carlsbad. Issues of so momentous a character are before the congress that its decisions are likely to be of lasting influence upon the whole movement. The crisis that confronts Zionism is, the world being what it is, a financial one. The land must be bought, the colonists must be able to colonize; the *chaluzim*, pilgrims and pioneers at once, must be given work. Strictly Zionist resources cannot suffice. Hence it is the plan and purpose of Dr. Chaim Weizmann to throw the resonsibility for the rebuilding of the Homeland upon the whole of Jewry, and to dispense, in both donors and in a limited number of councillors, with adherence to the strict ideology of the Zionist cause. Opposition to this course and plan comes naturally both from sensitive idealists and from determined zealots. But friends both of the movement and of humanity will wish Dr. Weizmann's councils to prevail. A great and necessary work is to be done. Salvation is through a deed rather than through a thought. The new Zionist policy would at once render the work of the movement vastly more effective. It would temper bitterness; it would save lives. We hope that a speedy agreement will be reached.

THE San Francisco war memorial site has been leased for five years to the Standard Oil Company, and the first emblem of the great conflict will be a gasoline station. Certain members of the American Legion are protesting against this "desecration of holy ground," but we agree with the Oakland *World* that the memorial is most appropriate and to convey a perfect lesson needs only an illuminated sign: "For such as this, American youth was conscripted, drilled, and killed." We have it on no less an authority than that of Mr. Wilson himself that the causes of the European struggle were commercial rivalries; if oil was not the most potent cause of the last war to end war, it is likely to be the chief reason for the next war to end war. San Francisco has done well. Sometimes, quite accidentally, events have a habit of conforming to the eternal fitness of things.

MUSICIANS who contract to sing or play in Enid, Oklahoma, find a curious clause in their papers—"Subject to the approval of the K. K. K." In this same Enid—whose chief boast is an annual export of $3,000,000 worth of poultry and eggs—is published the *Fish Hook*, organ of the Ku Klux Klan. The *Fish Hook* appears to disapprove of William Allen White; at least it refers to him as a "little self-styled cheese-smelling demagogue" who "likes a dollar so well that if a fly were to alight on a dollar of his money he would catch him and scrape his legs." The sage of Emporia being in Colorado, the staff of his *Gazette* seized the occasion of the *Fish Hook's* outburst to comment: "The downtrodden and oppressed force on the *Gazette* that has to live with this old whangdoodle and listen to his preterbacious scandulations have felt for some time that this town ought to have the truth about him. . . . The culternacious old hypochloride certainly can't fire the whole force when he comes back, and so we are giving the people of this man's town the truth" (as seen in Enid, Oklahoma). They reprinted the *Fish Hook's* saw-edged remarks, and—if he didn't compose the accompaniment himself—William Allen must have roared when he read it. If Enid were capable of learning tolerance it might well ask William Allen White to compose correspondence lessons for its citizens. But perhaps correspondence courses, like music, would be "subject to the approval of the K. K. K." in Enid.

"CIVILIZATION, or Man and Man's World" is a generous field, yet Frederic C. Howe dares announce it as the subject for the 1923 session of the Sconset School of Opinion. On the Continent, in England, and in the United States the happy habit of these summer forums, prolonged over a few weeks, is spreading. The Sconset "school," only one year old, is particularly fortunate in its setting on the moors of Nantucket Island and in the intimate and informal spirit of its discussions. Candle-light in an old barn should loose any tongue and give it a sense of contact with the soil. Among the Sconset speakers this September are Carl Van Doren, Everett Dean Martin, James Harvey Robinson, Harry Dana, and Gutzon Borglum. May the example of this sublimated Chautauqua spread!

THE death of Joaquin Sorolla means the passing of a source of vivid splendor and beauty. Spanish painting seems to have been less affected by the modernist movements than that of any other country. Here, at least, there was no attempt to pass beyond the representation of objects. The idiom of the art itself was never withdrawn from the vision of the willing beholder. In the canvasses of Sorolla, moreover, this idiom was used with a force and an eloquence that no one could miss. Here sunshine came in a flood and the shade itself was brilliant. Here was the glow and flash of a Spain of artistic reality that answered all visions of a Spain of the imagination. And in this respect Sorolla, curiously enough, stood rather isolated among his compatriots. Zuloaga preferred the more somber aspects of his native landscape; Goya was concerned with heavy brocades and significant gestures; Sorolla took one back to the joyous colorists of an earlier and more lavish age.

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The Collapse of the Unholy Alliance

"A FRANK espousal of the German cause" and "a positive disavowal of Great Britain's war allies"—that is the French official opinion, according to the Associated Press, of the British reply to the French and Belgian refusal jointly to consider Dr. Cuno's last reparations proposal and to revise the Ruhr policy. There is no meeting of the British arguments, no question whether, after all, Mr. Baldwin perhaps voices the cause of justice and humanity and of common sense, but just the application of that worst of epithets—pro-German. "This amazing document," says the anonymous official spokesman, "proposes to haul France and Belgium before a tribunal to answer for their efforts to make Germany carry out her treaty obligations." Well, why not, if those efforts threaten the very foundations of civilization, attempt the impossible, and are leading straight to that new war which everybody agrees will accomplish the downfall of Europe? What is there sacrosanct about France and Belgium to prevent their answering in the court of world opinion? Has their record been beyond criticism at all times in these last one hundred and fifty years? But "France and Belgium are not ready to answer such a summons, even from Great Britain," Paris informs us. Very well, then France and Belgium must answer to the judgment of world opinion, precisely as Germany was overwhelmed by the weight of an unfavorable world judgment when she entered Belgium. The moral laws do not apply to Germans alone. One cannot escape human judgments because one calls oneself the land of the French or of the Belgians.

So ends, let us hope, the unholy alliance of modern England with an imperialistic and militaristic France bent on dominating Europe and accomplishing what Napoleon failed to effect 110 years ago. We are, of course, still quite aware of the mixed motives which prompt the Baldwin Government. We do not blind our eyes to the fact that, as is usual with English cabinets, selfish reasons are well mixed with humanitarian. England feels deeply about the Ruhr primarily because it affects her pocket-nerve; we can only be thankful that in this case the British business magnates are on the side of those Englishmen who speak for reason and sanity as well as for justice and right. We are aware, too, that Mr. Baldwin's position is probably inconsistent with some taken by his predecessors and that it may change again. The French *did* have reason to believe that the English Government would sympathize with them. But if anybody can berate the British for inconsistency, it is not Poincaré. Speaking to a group of journalists in July, 1922, that gentleman said: "We are simply heading toward the permanent occupation of the Left Bank of the Rhine, and I feel very good about it. *For my part, I should regret it if Germany should pay.* Then we should have to evacuate the Rhineland. . . ." Speaking at Stenay on August 12, 1923, Poincaré assured his bamboozled auditors that "we would not annex a single foot of territory which is not ours." And then he proceeded once more to berate Germany for what he called her deliberate attempt to destroy her currency and to avoid the payment of reparations for which in his heart of hearts he is so grateful.

Above all, this one fact is patent: Mr. Baldwin's answer has hurt far more than the French dreamed it would. Hence the bitterness of their outcries and their invective and the open anger of their press. There is reason for them. Primarily, the English are now officially on record that the Ruhr invasion is contrary to the Treaty of Versailles and grossly illegal. Next, Mr. Baldwin challenges the French to submit that issue of legality to the new Hague tribunal for a decision. That France dares not do; she is well aware of the falsity of her pretext that this "sanction" is authorized, even by that impossible treaty which France violates at will, but for the slightest violation of which the Germans must be starved and throttled. It is not a pleasant thing for a nation which has made its injuries its stock in trade as if it were the only nation affected, to be rudely reminded by Lord Curzon that "sunk ships and cargoes rotting at the bottom of the sea may not shock the eye like the ruined villages of France and Belgium, but they are equally material damage caused by German aggression and represent equally heavy losses of national wealth." This is in reply to the Belgian suggestion that the reparations, which have not been collected, and which will never be collected if Germany is driven into communism and anarchy, should be devoted primarily to reconstruction of the devastated areas. To Belgium it will be an equal shock to find that England has now dropped the question of her future security because it is bound up with French security and France has "postponed to an unnamed date in the future" any discussion of that French security about which Poincaré has bleated so much, which has been made to serve at once as justification and apology for the Ruhr crime. But it is time that that bogey should be dropped. As a matter of fact every action of the French since Versailles has been as if calculated to make France insecure by inflaming every German heart against her.

The rest of the English program is familiar. The terrible thing about it is that it calls for time, time, and time for its working out. Time is the one element in the situation which is lacking. The fall of the Cuno Cabinet speaks for itself. It held office months longer than had been deemed possible, and held it as manfully as was possible for an avowedly weak compromise Government stumbling under the most terrific burdens and handicaps which any modern nation ever faced in time of peace. The Stresemann Government may repudiate some of the Cuno policies and will, it is to be hoped, make a genuine effort, which Dr. Cuno did not or could not, to solve the financial problem. But we do not believe that it can exist twenty-four hours if it surrenders in the matter of the Ruhr. And meanwhile the bloodshed reported from one German city after another, caused, in what was the most law-abiding country in the world, by sheer hunger and despair, shows how correct is the British statement that the occupation of the Ruhr "is already having directly and indirectly a grave effect on the economic and industrial outlook not only in Germany. . . ." That is the solemn truth. No blinking of facts can conceal it. If things continue as they are it will be patent to all the world within two months. All the rhodomontade and the fustian of a Poincaré will then be swept aside, and their sham and hypocrisy be exposed to the world. The better judgment of Europe and America will, we are certain, crystallize behind the British position, particularly if as now seems inevitable Germany rapidly falls into chaos.

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Coal: The Public's Responsibility

A COAL shortage threatens, and there is talk of a strike on September 1. Some newspapers are suggesting a boycott of anthracite coal "to teach the industry a lesson" and others are urging the President to take drastic measures, to seize the mines, to prohibit a strike. The Federal Coal Commission at the eleventh hour is calling operators and miners into conference again, but there is little hope of more than a patched-up peace. The Commission has published a mild supplemental report on the anthracite industry, suggesting various admirable forms of tinkering but nothing more than tinkering; the Children's Bureau is circulating a report on child labor in the anthracite district; and a committee of public-spirited citizens, headed by Professor Zechariah Chafee, Jr., has issued a report exposing appalling conditions of feudalism in coal-mining areas, including leases by which the coal companies bind miners to permit no one but furniture-movers, doctors, and undertakers in their homes.

The public pretty much deserves the hard treatment it is getting from the anthracite industry. It has always refused to do any serious thinking about coal. Until it gets over its habit of seasonal scares followed by seasonal forgetfulness it cannot expect much improvement. For coal has become of such importance to everyone that the public, which complains bitterly when the supply runs short and prices go skyrocketing, must assume and accept a primary responsibility. When the Federal Coal Commission was appointed last autumn there seemed to be a possibility that public interest in coal, stirred by the long strike and consequent cold houses, would be sufficiently strong to force the Commission to suggest real, far-reaching, statesmanlike solutions. Instead, we have a series of minor suggestions obscured in the public mind by the major suggestion of Federal seizure of the mines.

To seize the mines would be about as footless as the French attempt to get coal by sending soldiers into the Ruhr. The Ruhr workmen refused to dig coal at the behest of soldiers, and unless the public ceases shouting and begins thinking we may see American soldiers attempting to force American miners to dig coal. That would be a national disgrace. The present problems of the coal industry would persist after seizure, and new problems would arise. What wages and what profits would the government pay? How would it deal with the miners in negotiating wages? Would it leave the same men in control who now rule the industry and with the industry the lives of the men who work in it? Seizure would be merely a magnificent gesture, emotionally satisfying, but settling nothing.

Nor would it help to prohibit a strike. The miners' leaders would probably yield to such a prohibition, but they would yield in anger. The miners have nothing to say about the administration of their industry, yet they have to bear the brunt of public anger when things go wrong. There is no democracy in the anthracite industry. The employers are the king and the parliament. When they refuse to grant the workers' demands the workers have but one remedy: to strike. It is a poor weapon, and dangerous, but it is their only weapon. The miners' attempt to educate the public to the fundamental problems of coal by publicity has not yet succeeded. To forbid them to use their one weapon without providing some equally effective means of redress would mean to make slaves of them.

And this indeed is the rock upon which employers and employees are at present splitting: the miners demand full recognition of the union, including the "check-off," and the owners refuse to grant it. The "check-off" is essentially a tax upon the miner; it is deducted with his wage; it goes to the union, which uses it primarily for the payment of check-weighmen and check docking-bosses—men who see that the miner is paid what he earns. It would be preposterous to drift into a strike upon such an issue; the anthracite miners are virtually 100 per cent organized, and the employers' refusal to grant the recognition and the "check-off" (which is in effect with more than 400,000 soft-coal miners) is plainly an endeavor to keep the union weak. Here, then, is the first problem which must be faced. Shall the employers deal with the men through the organizations and system of representation which the men have developed? Is it to the public interest, or not, to attempt to develop some measure of democracy, to work out a system of constitutional government within the industry?

To us it seems that the first step is to recognize the human value of the coal miners and the value of their good will in the industry, and to give them every possible recognition. But the private owners have made it plain that they will not do so of their own free will. How shall they be made to do so? The public's readiness to accept governmental intervention in the industry is obviously growing—the loose talk of "seizure of the mines" is evidence of that; it is clear that if we do not work out a coordinated plan of governmental control we shall drift into it helter-skelter.

There is no single, simple solution of this coal problem which can be applied overnight. *The Nation* believes that sooner or later, in one form or another, government ownership is inevitable. The Federal Coal Commission disagrees with us. All the more then it is its function to help us find ways out of the present disorganization of the industry. The Commission has pointed out that part of the difficulty is that the population which uses anthracite has increased more rapidly than has the supply of anthracite. It has not yet touched upon the possibilities of increasing the efficiency of the coal by transforming it into power at the mines, or helped focus public attention upon the possibilities of the super-power plans now being discussed. It has not dwelt upon the evils of the interlocking coal and railway ownership, which permits the railroads to charge 30 per cent higher freight rates upon the anthracite we use in our homes than upon the soft coal used in industry. It has not probed—publicly, at any rate—into the feudal conditions of life forced upon the miners, into the ownership of whole towns, the prostitution of State constabularies into private agents of the coal-owners (which Professor Chafee's committee has exposed and proved with documents); it has made no constructive suggestions which would avoid a return of the present crisis next year or two years hence.

Public attention is once more centering upon the coal industry. Will it last? Even a strike, if it meant that the public would honestly face and start to solve the problem of coal, would be preferable to more fitful forgetfulness followed by more fitful passion.

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The Timid American

WHEN one of the foreign visitors who write books about us labeled America "The Land of Contrasts," he happened upon a formula that is capable of many applications. While at times there seems no one more self-confident than the American, he is also exceptionally prone to follow the crowd. This is a nation which has led the way in all kinds of bold experimentation, but where, in certain respects, public opinion insists upon a rigid conformity that would be resented by the people of almost any other country. It is not only aliens but native Americans that have to become assimilated. Just now, timidity is one of our most prominent national characteristics. Present-day America might almost be described by a schedule of her fears. She is afraid of active participation in European affairs, lest the statesmen of other countries should get the better of her own. She is afraid of immigration, lest this alien infusion corrupt—one can scarcely say the indigenous stock, but the stock of earlier arrivals. She is afraid of any criticism of her institutions, lest it prove to be dynamite for their upheaval. She is afraid especially of the bogey of Bolshevik propaganda, which she suspects as the real cause of labor troubles and social unrest for which, heaven knows, quite adequate and much simpler explanations can be found a great deal nearer home than Moscow.

This timorousness is realized most clearly by those of us who have an opportunity of observing the attitude taken by citizens of other countries to the discontented elements in their own population. The *Villager*—a paper which, despite its modest name, has a truly cosmopolitan outlook—has noted recently that many an American returning from abroad is led by his foreign experiences to the conclusion that his own country is a little off her balance on the subject of radicalism. He sees England a hundred years ahead on that road which he has always assumed is the very short road to revolution, yet he finds her busy, efficient, and not unduly perturbed. He hears a member of Parliament introduce a measure to make England over as a Socialist commonwealth and the next day he reads that the member has been invited to break bread with the king and queen. He is a guest at dinners where mine-owners sit down familiarly with agitators who are working for the nationalization of the mines, and his fellow-guests argue state socialism calmly, point by point, as a thing to be reasoned about. He discovers some appalling concessions to radicalism actually in operation—doles, insurances, workers' representation, and so on—yet nobody's flesh creeps. But as soon as he gets this side of the Statue of Liberty he hears one responsible citizen crying out that every radical should be deported, and finds another telling the Governor of New York that this is no time for repealing a law that restrains spinster school teachers from speaking their minds.

The explanation suggested is that the American is so scared because he is by no means as certain as he professes to be of the stability of the institutions of his own land. The Englishman maintains his equable poise because he feels that it will need more than a little flurry of revolution to upset the government. But the American, in his heart of hearts, is not really convinced that the political system of the United States is weatherproof. "Americans," the *Villager* reminds us, "have as yet scarcely made a government. This political institution of ours has no roots, no solidity; a wind which might not even flutter the leaves of the English oak conceivably could rip up our political institution and blow it over the plains of the world like a dry tumbleweed." This may not be the whole story, but it certainly goes a long way to account for the difference between the typical American and English demeanor in face of political conflicts and rumors of conflicts. The persecutor is always a latent skeptic. He has no profound conviction that his creed has within it the vital power to establish its supremacy in the world, so it must be supported by privilege for those who accept it and pains and penalties for the dissenter. This phenomenon, so familiar in the history of religion, is repeating itself nowadays in politics and economics. It is the man of little faith who is most violent against the heretic.

The noisy aggressiveness, then, of the hundred-per-cent American may have a lurking doubt as its secret spring. He would feel safer in his own mind if he could get everyone to shout at the top of his voice: "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." But if a sense, conscious or sub-conscious, of the instability of our institutions is the impelling force of the present outburst of intolerance, nothing will be gained by hitting on the head everyone who refuses to proclaim them as divinely inspired ideals. The remedy is clearly so to modify them in accordance with the needs and aspirations of the time that they will stand any storm. We have been so absorbed in the unparallelled development of our national economic resources, in the transformation of a wilderness into a manufacturing nation, that we have given little attention to the political structure which has hardly changed while the nation it controls has been transmuted. As someone has well said, we do not know very much about the laws of the Medes and Persians, but we do know that the refusal to alter them did not save the Medo-Persian Empire from crumbling into ruin.

Confession and Photography

EVERY now and then, in written and spoken criticism, one comes again upon the accusation addressed to all veracious art that it is photographic. It is clear that these critics and readers, whatever their acuteness and learning in other respects, have missed the experience of creation. They have, at least, not undergone that experience with any awareness of its true character. They have mistaken it for invention, which is almost the contradiction of it; they have mistaken it for detached observation in the scientific sense, a thing impossible in the life of art; they have forgotten that the most delicately made photograph gives the quantitative equivalent of that upon which the lens is turned. Neither the lens of the camera nor of the eye can omit some things and give the essence of others. That is what the creative imagination is forced to do.

It is forced to do so since it arises from pain and from the artist's strange need to identify himself with the source of his pain. It is easy and inexpensive to grow mystical on this point; it is safer to attribute the fact to laws and qualities of the mind that are yet unexplored. The fact remains and may be illustrated from a simple and popular instance. It is agreed by this time that Sinclair Lewis is something of a satirist and something of a moralist, that

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he dislikes the ways of many of his countrymen intensely and castigates them with something that often approaches a cold fury. Babbitt, to use the common phrase, is "on his nerves"; he has rebelled fiercely against Babbitt and Babbittry a hundred times. Yet all through the creative process, which, in the course of a longish novel, is an extensive one, Lewis identified himself with Babbitt, got a fierce and bitter joy out of that identification of his self with the self of his protagonist, lived in and with and through him as well as in and with and through his other characters, became each in turn without moral discrimination, and so liberated himself from the pain which they had made him suffer.

Art, in brief, even the most realistic in method, is confession and abbreviation. It is confession through the very nature of the creative process; it is abbreviation through the necessary space and time conditions that determine artistic processes. A controversy between two people that goes on in life for years must be set down in a few chapters or in a few scenes. Where in life millions of words were used a few thousand must suffice in art. And those few must be used in such a way as to give the essence of the innumerable ones, and yet not fade into the abstractness of symbolism, and yet retain the tang and semblance of the real. All art, in other words, is symbolic. Realistic art symbolizes by essences; romantic art, under whatever newer name, symbolizes by substituting analogous phenomena for those that had aroused the creative energy of the poet. But the former is no more photographic, no more a transcript of reality than the latter. Both seek, by different methods, to project an illusion of the ultimately real.

The ultimately real! Goethe and Turgeniev and many other great writers were accused, in their day, of slandering their friends and acquaintances by direct representation. Goethe had difficulty in calming the originals who sat for the story of Werther, Turgeniev was accused of having grossly betrayed the hospitality of the Russian squirearchy. It was the same old fallacy. The Goethes and Turgenievs by the creative imagination transform the superficially into the ultimately real, into the essential reality of art. The characters in their books transcend and essentialize the originals in nature to such an extent that interpretation has been wholly substituted for description and the writer ends by actually owing less to his angry friends and acquaintances than Shakespeare owed to the various sources of his plots. "The reality," a very great novelist writes, "which the artist uses for his purposes may be the world of his daily life, it may include his nearest and his dearest, it may cling closely to every given detail and use those details with what may seem an impassioned subservience to the stuff of life. Yet in the end there will be not only for the artists but also for the world an unbridgable chasm between reality and his creative structure—the difference in the very nature of the realm of reality and that of art. Thus it is well known that every true poet is to a certain extent identified with all his creatures. All the characters in a work, however hostile they may be to each other, are still emanations of the creative I, and Goethe is at the same time Antonio and Tasso just as Turgeniev is at the same time Basarov and Paul Petrovich. In brief, it is not invention that characterizes the poet; it is 'animation'—the putting of a soul into things."

The University and Marriage

THE evil effects of a university education upon the matrimonial prospects and desires of our college women have so often been set forth in the press that we have turned with interest to some exceedingly illuminating statistics compiled by the secretary of the class of 1893 of Harvard University to ascertain just what the American college man is doing to increase his tribe. The figures we find are serious enough to cast into deepest gloom the professional opponents of race suicide. This class, graduated thirty years ago from our premier university, enrolled from first to last 451 members, of whom 341 are still alive and active. Given their degrees before the recent considerable accession of Jewish students—of which it had but fifteen—this class is remarkably Anglo-Saxon in its composition. It contains not one Asiatic and not a single Negro. Some of the most familiar Back Bay names grace its pages; it has a considerable percentage of those well endowed with worldly goods and many whose struggles for a place in the sun have been hard and long. Its roll of names was even headed by a John Alden; it has members galore of the hereditary patriotic societies from those of the colonial wars down, and one of its members is of the sixth generation of his family to graduate from Harvard.

Taking them altogether ninety-seven are confirmed bachelors, or 21½ per cent. That is startling enough, but worse still is the fact that eighty-six of the married men are without children; that is, of 451 men 183, or more than 40 per cent, have left or will leave no progeny. When we add that of the other married men sixty-five have had but one child it is plainly lucky for Harvard '93 that Theodore Roosevelt is not alive to castigate these renegade sons of Cambridge. Sixty-five children among 248 possible fathers out of 451 is certainly a record to make the colonel turn in his grave. But he could take some comfort from the fact that 77 of this modest class have each two children, 57 three each, 38 four, and 19 five. Only five men, however, confess to six children apiece, but one to seven, and four to eight offspring. The banner member (from one point of view) boasts of ten children—the only "old-fashioned New England family" produced by the entire class. If this does not prove that the pioneer stock is dying out and that the doctrine of race suicide grows apace among the cultured and the prosperous group in our country, what could? There is only one redeeming fact: After thirty years the class secretary can record but thirty second marriages. Allowing for numerous deaths of first wives this fact does not bear out the prevailing theory that the world is divorcing itself.

Of the 717 children the record states that but 391 are males. In other words, if every son of these Harvard fathers enters Harvard the class will not even have replaced itself in the student body of the succeeding generation. True, some women's colleges may profit—indeed are profiting—by the 326 girls whose fathers were permanent or temporary members of the Harvard class in question. But that does not fill the bill. Let Vassar, Bryn Mawr, and Smith recruit where they may, the fact is that here is a worse menace to our future supply of cannon fodder and our Back Bay aristocracy than all the Negroes and Jews who have knocked at Harvard's doors. Who can doubt now that the Nordic race fails and pales?

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Mistreating Our Ex-Service Men

Story of a Former Employee of the Veterans' Bureau

By SAMUEL DANZIGER

FOR the second time in two years a congressional investigation is under way of the manner in which the government's obligations to disabled ex-service men are being fulfilled. When the first investigation took place, in 1921, the care of these men was divided between three agencies, the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, the Federal Board for Vocational Education, and the Public Health Service. The investigators failed to see that the first-named agency was negligent and inefficient, but made a report picking flaws in the really excellent work—under great difficulties—of the others. The functions of all three were combined in the United States Veterans' Bureau, a proper course, but unfortunately the new bureau was headed by the same man, Colonel Charles R. Forbes, under whom the War Risk Insurance Bureau had been mismanaged.

Colonel Forbes seems to have had difficulty in comprehending that ex-service men are no longer soldiers but civilians, and want to remain so. Almost the first act of his administration was the establishment at Camp Sherman in Chillicothe, Ohio, of a vocational training school in charge of former colonels, majors, and captains, and equipped with barracks and other leftovers of a war-time cantonment. It was not so well equipped with competent teachers and material needed in vocational training. In this school Colonel Forbes planned to concentrate men from hundreds of miles about, taking them from "placement" training in shops and factories near their homes. The men went but did not stay. Many took French leave, returning to the local offices from which they had been sent, with complaints about lack of accommodations and the plentiful supply of military air. To prevent the school from becoming an entire failure Colonel Forbes was compelled to replace the military instructors with civilians. Better equipment has also been installed, but Colonel Forbes got no further with his plan to create a chain of barracks as a substitute for home-town training.

Fulfilment as quickly as possible of the letter of the rehabilitation act and disregard of the spirit has been the policy of the Veterans' Bureau since its creation. While the Federal Board for Vocational Education was in control the policy was to consider no man rehabilitated until his ability to hold a job had been satisfactorily demonstrated. The policy of the Veterans' Bureau has been—and still is—to declare men rehabilitated, regardless of their vocational ability, as soon as a technical excuse can be found. This has been done by determining for each trade an arbitrary period within which a man in training is supposed to become proficient. Thirty days before expiration of that period the man must be given notice that he is soon to be thrown upon his own resources. He may appeal for more time and be awarded it, but as a rule this policy works so as to turn out "rehabilitated" men as helpless almost as when they entered training. In his last annual report Colonel Forbes stated that 22,000 had been turned out during the year. He was careful to avoid saying how many had been actually fitted for industry and for how many training had been merely discontinued, but the ordinary reader would erroneously infer from his statement that all had become self-supporting.

That many men have been in training a much longer time than appears necessary to a superficial observer seems to have troubled Colonel Forbes and to be troubling his successor, General Hines. This may be because both, being military men, look upon the men as machines who should all show the same results in a given time. They do not realize that, aside from ordinary casualties of war, military training itself has so molded the temperament of the men as to render them less fit for industry than civilians.

If every man, on entering vocational training, could be placed at once in the very occupation for which he is best fitted and kept steadily and intensively under competent instructors, the arbitrary periods fixed for each trade would probably suffice for rehabilitation. But this is seldom the case. The men at the head of the bureau are apparently unaware of what their subordinates in personal touch with the men in training well know, that ordinarily much time must be consumed in trying different occupations and in obtaining an opportunity in an industrial establishment (trade schools are not satisfactory substitutes) where proper instruction will be given.

Ignorance of this seems the only explanation of a recently reported utterance by General Hines that 10,000 men should be rehabilitated because they have been in training for three years or more. It is interference with local workers by inexperienced and uninformed superiors in Washington, eager to make a paper showing of results, which lies at the bottom of most of the justifiable complaints against the vocational section of the bureau. This would have been avoided had the plan of the Federal Board for Vocational Education been allowed to continue. Shortly before it was supplanted by the bureau it had instituted a system of local autonomy under which local offices could handle their own problems in their own way without red tape or interference from either the district offices or the central office. Unfortunately, Colonel Forbes saw fit to abolish this and General Hines has not seen fit to restore it.

More scandalous and outrageous is the red tape and neglect prevailing in the compensation section. The war risk insurance act allows a graded form of compensation to every man vocationally handicapped as a result of his military service. The government, having forcibly taken more or less unwilling men from their regular occupations and pushed them into camps and trenches, recognizes its responsibility for what has befallen them. To silence hairsplitters the act provides that, whatever the facts may be, any man must be held as in sound condition on induction into service who was so accepted without notation of his disabilities. Consequently any disability he may have had on his discharge must be held, without further discussion, to be due to service and entitle the man to compensation. There is a tale that in one place both draft board and camp physicians let a man slip through who had lost a leg in an accident two years before, that the man was rudely hushed when he tried to explain, and his condition was not realized until he

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got to France. There he was put at some clerical work and on his discharge allowed compensation for his ante-bellum injury technically "due to service." This tale, apparently well vouched for, may not be true, but it shows the intent of the compensation provisions of the act.

Nevertheless the hairsplitters are at work on cases far more deserving than this one-legged hero. He is a fortunate man who can have his compensation status properly straightened out within three months of the time that it is due. Many unfortunates must struggle along disabled and unemployed for much longer periods without results. Cases are numerous enough to fill every column of a whole year's issue of any magazine. One that goes under the file number of C—373314 is a gassed and shell-shocked unfortunate so badly disabled that the bureau's physicians have found training him not to be feasible, and, though he bears the signs of mustard gas on his body, he has been denied compensation. The reason given in a letter, in spite of the facts, is "You have no disability existing at this time by reason of alleged gas poisoning or chronic bronchitis." This decision was reached by bureaucrats who had not seen the man but judged his case by examining some papers.

C—262868 is an ex-navy man who was nearly killed as the result of a bungling operation on shipboard for gallstones. He was so badly injured that he was declared totally and permanently disabled. At first he was allowed $100 a month compensation. Later, having a laudable desire to become self-supporting, he applied for vocational training. This was granted and automatically stopped his compensation, men in training receiving subsistence allowances from a different fund. A short trial at very light work proved training to be non-feasible. It was accordingly stopped, automatically putting an end to his subsistence allowance, and should as automatically have restored his $100 a month compensation. Instead he was given a partial rating and has received but $67.50 a month since. Unable to work and with a wife and child to support, he must struggle along on this meager amount unless helped by charity. Before enlistment in the navy he was earning $30 a week. An additional scandal in this same case is that the man had been carrying a $5,000 government insurance policy which he allowed to lapse after his injury. He was apparently unaware that permanent and total disability entitles the holder to the benefits of his policy, for he did not apply for it. Later, still unaware of his rights, he applied for reinstatement. At that time he was rated on the bureau's records as "permanent and total," and his application should have brought the whole situation to the attention of proper officials. Instead, reinstatement was allowed and premiums were paid and received for eleven months thereafter. Then some official noticed the man's condition at time of reinstatement. Did he inform him of his rights under the policy? He did not. What happened was that a letter went out saying in substance: "Your policy is void since you were permanently and totally disabled at time of reinstatement." Here a clear provision of the law was ignored which makes policies incontestable after being six months in force. Through the intervention of the Red Cross the bureau finally acknowledged its error and the acting director at that time, Leon Fraser, promised that the man would be given his total disability benefits. Since then Mr. Fraser has resigned, the man's disability rating has been changed to "partial," his insurance benefits remain unpaid, and the bar against reinstatement remains.

C—217186 is a drafted man who had made his living as a violin player. He was discharged with some psychopathic disorder which has been so aggravated as to render him unable to follow his vocation. Nevertheless, compensation is withheld on the ground that his disability antedates service. The law shuts out such a contention but it takes a skilled lawmaker to circumvent hairsplitters. In this case they get around it by claiming that the man has no disability but has an "inability."

C—347902 is a volunteer who was gassed while fighting in the Argonne. Although suffering from throat and nervous troubles as a result, some one in Washington has concluded that "he is not suffering from any disability whatever connected with military service." That settles his case. Gassed while on the firing line is apparently not a result of military service.

Back of these and similar cases may be a laudable desire to avoid waste of public funds. General John F. O'Ryan, who has charge of the pending investigation, is said to be probing charges of extravagance. That is all very well, but there has probably been far greater wrong done through parsimony in some places than through extravagance in others. If the ruling powers, who were quite content that men be conscripted and slaughtered, would now evade payment of the bill, let that be made known.

To a Baby

By MAXWELL BODENHEIM

I

The blue beginning of your eyes
Condenses the sprawling and assured
Blue with which the sky retreats
From those confessions known as days.

II

Again, your battling mites of blue
Try to stop the revolving monster of life
And find the indelible persuasiveness
Of single forms with the circling blur.
Sundered bits of a soul,
They are not sure that they have still survived,
And plead for the conviction of sight.

III

But when they recollect
The hugely placid manners
Of their life, before the earthly exile
Made them small and fastened
To one pathetic puzzle,
Their blue reverts to swelling reveries
Whose outward circles spurn the curtained jail.

IV

Upon your softly incomplete
Face, where germs of devils stir in curves
That tremble into questioning symmetries,
A thrust of darkness sometimes interferes
With secret, virgin places underneath
Your eyes, and where your leaf-thin nostrils pause.
This darkness bends with helpless messages,
Like history admonishing a world
Personified in one composite face.

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These United States—XXXVI*

ILLINOIS: First Province of the Middle Kingdom

By HOWARD VINCENT O'BRIEN

THE State of Illinois "in tres partes divisa est": (a) Chicago; (b) "down State"; (c) the circulation of the Chicago *Tribune*—a domain of resentful serfs who pay their tributary coppers even beyond the Mississippi. The distillation of such complexity into the compass of a few thousand words presents difficulties, because, though the three parts have a semblance of geographic and political identity, they are really in no way related. Chicago is a part of Illinois only as Rome was a part of the Italian peninsula; and the "World's Greatest Newspaper," as it modestly calls itself, belongs only to its owners.

If one write of Illinois, with subordinate consideration of Chicago and the County of Cook, the citizenry of the metropolis will rise as one man to point out that he has rather absurdly discussed the dog's tail, with only incidental mention of the dog. On the other hand, if he set forth Chicago, with Illinois as the side dish, he offers insult to half the population of a sovereign State. Nor can he straddle: to be neutral is to enjoy the unhappy ignominy of one in Dublin who is neither green nor orange. It is, indeed, a dilemma!

To personalize the situation, one may picture a farmer, white and native born, who can read and write, but doesn't —much—with a son who ran away and more or less accidentally got very rich. Relations between parent and offspring are a trifle strained, son being somewhat contemptuous of dad, and dad in a constant state of irritation with son, because the latter appears to think he's going to run the whole gosh-blamed farm. There were other children, of greater filial piety, some of whom went into manufacturing, and have done very well, such as Rockford and Moline and Joliet. There was also Peoria, a dubious source of pride, which took to distilling, and until the advent of a statesman of Scandinavian descent, from Minnesota, was one of the most prosperous of the family.

But to characterize Illinois as a farmer is only in part accurate. True, it ranks second in the production of corn and in the south is a land of *dolce far niente*, a low, hot region, with extraordinarily fertile soil, known, for various reasons, as "Egypt." One of the reasons is the name of its principal city, which is Cairo. It would be impolitic to specify the other reasons. But as one proceeds northward, though the semblance is beautiful to the agricultural eye, the beauty is quite literally "skin deep," for immediately below the green and smiling prairie lies a vast bed of bituminous coal, and the pick becomes almost as symbolical of the State as is the hoe.

Statistics are dreadful things. But they are as inseparable from a statement of Illinois as figures are from a bank. A European or a New Englander would consider Illinois as very sparsely populated. But the relative handful of people who inhabit it are extremely busy. With a population of six million odd, and a size less than the average of the Union—56,000 square miles—it ranks among the first three in manufacturing, savings-bank deposits, soft coal, pig iron, and corn. And in the *value* of its agricultural produce, as distinguished from mere quantity, it ranks first.

Contrary to Eastern notions of the Middle West, merely material distinctions are held of less moment than those which must be measured on finer scales. Illinois is proud of its rating in dollars and tonnage, but it is very much prouder of the fact that, although the density of its population is about three times that of the average of the country as a whole, its percentage of illiteracy is only 4.2 per cent, as opposed to 10.7 per cent in the country at large.

The farmers, the miners, the artisans, and the shopkeepers of Illinois share an obsession with education. Scratch the average citizen, and you find an individual who has, or has had, or is about to have, a son or daughter in the University of Illinois. Eastern eyebrows may elevate at mention of this provincial seat of learning, and Eastern lips may curl at sheepskins awarded for excellence in hippology and Ph.D.'s in animal husbandry, and Eastern skin may creep at the spectacle of uncouth youths roaming what should be cloistered solitudes in sweaters. But the citizen of Illinois is placid. He knows the opulence his university enjoys, as a consequence of the provisions for education in the establishment of the Western Reserve. Through his legislature he is ever ready to supplement that wealth. And when legal methods are too slow, he is quick to dig down into his blue-jeans for what may be needed. At the moment, it is a stadium—an enormous affair, costing millions, and every penny provided by private subscription.

In Winnetka, a suburb of Chicago, when the school problem became acute and the bonding capacity of the village was exhausted, the citizens, led by a lawyer who was serving as the head of the school board, stepped in and built a magnificent *public school*. The principal contributor was a wealthy Jewish clothing manufacturer: the others were Tom, Dick, and Harry.

The man of Illinois is a practical man, and he knows that money talks. It enables him to provide his university with better buildings and more of them than any seaboard seat of learning can boast, and it enables him to offer financial inducements to professorial skill that are beyond resisting. To an Eastern observer there is something appalling in the positive enormity of everything at the University of Illinois. After seeing the armory, an edifice large enough to house the old Yale campus, he is too numbed for comment when he hears that the student band alone is almost half the size of the entire Princeton undergraduate body. A bell rings, and from a huge building come a swarm of girls and boys, like ants from a burning log. Ten thousand students, he mutters, and when he is told that the bass drum, used by the aforementioned student band, is of such magnitude that it requires a special flat car for its transport, he shivers and flees from further Brobdingnagian data.

Illinois has a placid exterior. But there is turbulence within its bosom. It can run to extremes. It can, for instance, run a temperature as high as 107 degrees, and in a few weeks or hours—it is done by *minutes* in Chicago—drop to 24 below. This mercuric climate may, perhaps, be

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held accountable for Illinois's rather distinguished record for violence. Excluding minor lynchings, which, after all, are of importance chiefly to the individual concerned, Illinois has attained the front page of the yellower journals, and the editorial columns of the fireside press, several times of late years. There were, several years ago, the Springfield riots, of a racial character, with fire, murder, and rapine flourishing in the very shadow of the State Capitol. There was, later, the outburst in Chicago, in which black men were murdered somewhat more atrociously than white men usually murder white men, and during which, in the heart of the city where the Great Emancipator was nominated, it was unsafe for a man of color to show himself on the street. And, most recently, there was the Herrin "massacre," in which the ever-present emotional dynamite of the coal fields was bloodily detonated.

The real feature of this last affair, in which murder was followed by mutilations worthy of Armenia, was the lineage of the malefactors. As in the great railway strike, the devilment was not the work of alien "reds," but of more or less direct descendants of Mayflower stock. Much editorial comment damned the atrocities at Herrin as "un-American," whereas, like the anarchy which ruled the streets of Chicago in the summer of 1894, it was as thoroughly American as the Declaration of Independence. The people of Herrin are singularly free from any consciousness of sin. They recently reelected to office, by an overwhelming majority, a local official admittedly involved in the affair. This gave great pain to Chicago, which, having forgotten the race riots of 1919, refers piously to the Herrin incident as a blot on the State's escutcheon.

Chicago is old enough to have forgotten a number of things. One of them is its origin. Everyone knows that Chicago is the greatest railway center in the world. But no one can really explain why. The fact is that Chicago is an accident. It did not begin, as most cities do, as an answer to the needs of commerce. Its nucleus was not a trading-post, but a military one—Fort Dearborn—situate (the military methods of the period apparently not differing from those now current) in a peculiarly disagreeable and unhealthful swamp, beside a wretched little river, the Indian name of which was Wild Onion.

One likes to picture the pioneers, those sparks from Plymouth Rock, as foreseeing the greatness of Chicago. But unfortunately some of them made the mistake of committing their views to paper. One, for instance, came to the little hamlet, tarried a while, and then, when he had satisfied himself, moved on to a village in the neighboring Fox River valley, where he settled. That village, he said, was destined to be the metropolis of the Western Reserve. The Fox River still flows, and the village is still there—no larger than when he found it! Another, owning a lot on what is today Michigan Avenue, Chicago's principal boulevard, allowed it to be sold for taxes, and moved his family to Milwaukee, a city which had a "future."

The Chicago city seal is graced by a somewhat portly female of Grecian origin, whose motto is "I will." The words are better than the picture. There is nothing feminine or Hellenic about Chicago. A better personalization of it would be the type so familiar in the recent era of high prices and labor scarcity—hands rough and a little soiled, wearing a silk shirt and diamonds, who ordered two pianos at a time, stripping bills from the "wad" extracted from his "pants," to pay for them.

It is, in short, a gross lout of a city, long on health and vigor and ruthlessness and imagination and money, and with less sign of sprouting what is known as "culture" than a cement sidewalk shows of sprouting grass. H. G. Wells called it a "lapse from civilization." An Oriental undoubtedly had it in mind when he spoke of America as being inhabited by the flattest-minded people on the globe. And for anyone whose interest in babies, prohibition, and the stock market is tepid, dining out is a weary business.

And yet—there is a population of some four hundred thousand Jews. Where there are Jews, the cultural spark is never quite extinguished. Under the glossy concrete shell of commercialism there is evidence of a warm lush soil in which good seed will one day flourish. There are pianos. The fathers bought them for decorative purposes: signs are not wanting that sons and daughters are learning to play them. The bluff scorn of the pioneers for effete things like opera has softened. Opera has had the accolade of "civic" accorded it, and the plain people are beginning to give it the respect they give the Cubs and the Stock Yards and the Municipal Pier. It has lost something of its mere social significance, and the gallery sells out before the boxes. The Symphony Orchestra—still referred to by ladies of the old school as the Thomas orchestra—and Ravinia, that extraordinary outdoor temple to the muse, on the North Shore—nothing like it this side of Germany—are known wherever music matters. Not long ago, a fountain by a famous sculptor was unveiled on a city thoroughfare. Every city, of course, has fountains by famous sculptors. But the significant thing about this one was the fact that it was paid for from a fund bequeathed by an utter unknown—a man of the people who had amassed riches out of lumber, a Maecenas of the democratic order. Near the river, on the West Side, is a grim pile of red brick—a monument to that refinement of modernism, the mail-order business. It is quintessential of merchandising and turnover and distribution and profit. And in the Art Institute, held worthy of place on walls with Corot and VanDyke, are canvases painted by the active head of that mail-order business. Nor is his case isolated. There is an active and not inconsiderable group of business men who paint pictures—many of the members being highly successful business men, who paint extremely well.

In Chicago hospitality has retained its small-town quality. Unlike the New Yorker, the Chicagoan does not dine his outlander friend at a restaurant and take him to a theater—he takes him home. That is one of the reasons why the visitor does not see the "night life" of Chicago. The other reason is that there isn't any. Nightfall sees the streets deserted, save on what the newspapers call the Rialto, ordinarily known as Randolph Street, where one may see some of the New York shows, acted by the kind of actor that doesn't mind traveling. There are also several places for circumspect dancing, after twelve. And at Huyler's, if you go early enough, you can secure excellent soda water.

The lake front is an evidence of the profound foresight the city's forefathers did not have. One wonders what was in their minds—or in their pockets—when they allowed the Illinois Central Railroad to lay its tracks in the municipal front yard, quite literally under their very noses. This civic Helgoland was, until recently, both in figure and in fact, nothing more than a dump. But as time passed it became evident that rubbish is objectionable only when

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there is not enough of it; for the dreadful litter of dirt and garbage and tin cans presently became a considerable area of new land. The water was driven back, and beyond the railroad tracks lies the broad expanse of Grant Park.

The only building ever raised on the lake side of Michigan Avenue was the Art Institute. But some years ago all the realtors of the city, as if moved by a common impulse, suddenly announced their intention of putting up new, large, incomparably magnificent edifices to flank the institute. There was great jubilation. "Boosting" attained the proportions of a delirium. The Avenue, which about this time became the Boulevard, or as B.L.T. dubbed it, the Boul Mich, was, in the familiar American hyperbole, to be the finest in the world. But into this iridescent dream stepped the unpleasant reality of one Montgomery Ward, another man who had made a success of the mail-order business. His weapons were law-suits and injunctions: his purpose to keep the far side of the Boulevard forever free of buildings. The litigation was endless, and to a cheated and outraged public the name of Ward became anathema. But the Watch Dog of the Lake Front never let go, and the city can still see the blue waters of the lake. And today there is a widespread contention that Grant Park ought to be Ward Park. The beautification of the land which this obstinate old man preserved for the people against their will continues steadily. The Illinois Central is to be put under ground and electrified. There are to be flowers, plashing fountains, gondolas on the silver bosom of a lake tamed into lagoons, a stadium, museums, and what not—all for the pleasure and edification of the common people.

The quality of paradox in the composition of Chicago reached its climax in the person of its erstwhile mayor, Mr. William Hale Thompson, who gained international fame for quite accurately, but with poor judgment, characterizing the place he governed as the "sixth German city of the world."

Chicago, like other American cities, has always enjoyed varying degrees of bad government. But several years ago the "better element" was roused to reform. It was time, they said, to take the city out of politics. So, very carefully, they picked a man with no political affiliations, of independent means, and of good, sound American stock, to raise the banner of civic virtue. Their candidate was duly elected. Whereupon he put a sombrero on his head and became "Big Bill"—prince of demagogues. Before the ink was dry on the felicitations of press and pulpit, Chicago was in the grip of a political machine that made the efforts of such men as Tweed seem bungling and experimental.

Thompson has now passed from the scene. But what may be called Thompsonism remains. It is a kind of bond between Chicago and Illinois, because it rules both. The governor of the State, Len Small, yields fealty to the "organization." Not long ago he was tried for the unromantic crime of embezzlement—and acquitted. Now, those who acquitted him are about to be tried. When members of the Chicago school board were under a similar indictment the case could not be brought to trial because the attorney general of the State lacked the funds necessary to prosecute it. And he lacked them because the governor had vetoed the necessary appropriations. No, this is not a scene from the "Mikado"—it is just Illinois politics.

Thompsonism has many friends and apologists. But their loyalty is for the most part negative—inspired by their dislike of the *Tribune*, which is bitterly hostile to Thompsonism. But why is it so hostile and so bitter? Well, dear children, that goes back to its feud with Senator Lorimer, who, not a little from its efforts, was chased out of the United States Senate. Mr. Lorimer was, in a way, the progenitor of Thompsonism, and a little verse which appeared in the "Line o' Type" summarizes the whole matter:

> You may ventilate, fumigate, douche if you will,
> But the odor of Lorimer will cling to you still!

The *Tribune* is vindictive, clever, and irreconcilable. It is rich beyond computation, and enormously powerful. It is as personal and unstable as a country weekly—which is natural, since its owners are also its active editors. It is less popular than prohibition. A great many people hate it violently. Those who have anything like affection for it are negligible. And yet one out of every five families, in five States, subscribes to it. The people of Illinois have no enthusiasm for Thompsonism, and less for the *Tribune*. But they vote for the one, and buy the other. They would shed no tears at the downfall of either. But the fact remains that the *Tribune*, if not the world's greatest newspaper, certainly is one of them, and Thompsonism does build roads and bridges and supply fetes, even if they cost more than they should.

Youthful and masculine is Chicago—generous, impulsive, and somewhat skeptical of "dog." It takes a person of great hardihood to stroll down the Boulevard carrying a cane. Though that skepticism is more for the stroll than the stick. One does not stroll in Chicago. Neither does one contemplate. One *goes* and one *does*—at the greatest possible speed. The Frenchman, sipping his *sirop grenadine* and discussing Balkan politics, and the German, with his beer, listening to Wagner, are alike beyond the comprehension of Chicago. The Chicagoan does not discuss politics—he takes sides; and he would rather dance to music than listen to it. And he regards his watch more highly than his imagination.

And yet, he has a boundless imagination. His dreams have magnitude, if not intensity, and he has the energy to bring great plans to fruition. His city is all compact of the yea and nay which is in him. It is tolerant of graft, and prudish about art. It is liberal as regards business ethics, and bigoted as regards social ethics. It is polyglot and conservative. It welcomes new people, and mistrusts new ideas. And though, unlike other great cities, it has no leisure class, and the sons of wealth are obliged by the pressure of public opinion to toil as sweatily as their grandfathers did, there is a certain unmistakable wistfulness for the things which set human life apart from the beasts of the field, and make of the human economy something more than a digestive tube.

Chicago has the feeling for Illinois that the dweller within gates has always had for the outlander; and Illinois fears and dislikes Chicago because it is "foreign." But under the surface of mutual distrust, of vainglorious pride, of crude commercialism on the one hand and smug ruralism on the other, lies a questioning and hopeful pessimism. It is like the coal beds under the fields of smiling corn—latent fire. Illinois, by the record, has done well in all the ways of the flesh. To the historian, if not the prophet, it is clear that she will presently flower into achievement in the things of the spirit.

The next article in the series These United States, to appear in The Nation *of September 5, will be Nebraska: The End of the First Cycle, by Willa Sibert Cather.*

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Progress (and Poverty) in Porto Rico

By ARTHUR WARNER

IV. When Do We Eat?

THE crying economic question in Porto Rico is: "When do we eat?" A great majority of the people do not get enough food even in quantity; still fewer get an adequate variety. An occasional purchase of codfish provides about the only meat. The great national dish is rice and beans, which is nourishing though heavy. But all three of these foods are imported, and therefore cost money. So the native relies a good deal upon bananas and sweet potatoes which he can raise himself or buy at trifling cost. In periods of unemployment he falls back upon them almost entirely. His diet is always deficient in good fats, but the craving for them leads to an inordinate use of bad lard or vegetable oils in his cooking when he can afford them. Probably ninety-nine children in a hundred grow up virtually without milk after their nursing days.

Better subsistence for the masses is imperative if they are to develop the mental and physical energy necessary to improve the other conditions of their life. It is true that until the hookworm is eradicated the people will continue to be anemic and without endurance, no matter how good their food. The prevalence of the hookworm disease is the greatest obstacle to progress in the island. But the elimination of the hookworm is only a necessary condition for improving the standard of living. In itself it is not an improvement of that standard. Improvement must begin with more food; and for the present, at least, it must be produced by the island itself.

Porto Rico's food problem is due to the extraordinary and rapidly increasing density of the population. There are 378 persons to the square mile, an increase of 100 persons to the square mile since the beginning of American rule. The density of the population is about twice that in France and ten times the average for continental United States. To employ such a population—and thus to feed it—involves either large manufacturing development (an improbability) or more scientific and extensive agriculture. Unemployment is chronic. There are no comprehensive statistics, but in 1920, before the post-war industrial slump had fairly begun, the insular Bureau of Labor estimated that, except in San Juan, there were five men for every job not requiring technical knowledge.

The great export crops of Porto Rico are sugar-cane, tobacco, and coffee, with grapefruit making rapid headway in recent years. Both rice and beans—the staple foods of the people—are raised to some extent, but not in sufficient quantities to fill the home demand. Sweet potatoes and bananas are raised for domestic use only. It is thought that neither can be exported at a profit against present competition. In Spanish days coffee was Porto Rico's great crop. It has since become secondary to both sugar and tobacco.

Sugar now comprises about half of the entire agricultural wealth of the island and employs 40 per cent of all the farm labor. Unfortunately, it is a crop which calls for many workers through the harvest season from January to June, for fewer during the planting season of the next few months, and for a still smaller number during the growing season from October to the end of the year. Another objection to sugar-cane from the social standpoint is that in Porto Rico it is essentially a large-scale crop, ill adapted to small holdings or the poor man. The increasing emphasis on sugar-cane is probably responsible for the tendency toward larger and larger single holdings and the continual elimination of the small farmer, whereas the island obviously needs an agriculture that will increase rather than diminish the number of persons who are cultivators on their own account.

The absence of small farmers has always been one of the unfortunate aspects of Porto Rican life, but the census shows that the number of individual farms dropped from 58,371 in 1910 to 41,078 in 1920, a decline of almost one third. Likewise the number of farms of less than ten acres decreased in the same period from 31,959 to 15,981, a loss of one half. The census of 1910 included as farms a good many holdings that were excluded under the more exact classification of ten years later, but this can account only partially for the statistics indicating the astonishing decline of the small farmer, as there are other figures showing the increasing consolidation of the land in the hands of large owners. For instance, the area in farms of 1,000 or more acres increased by 16 per cent between 1910 and 1920, although the number of such holdings decreased from 207 to 167, indicating a grouping even of the large plantations into the hands of fewer persons. Fifty or more acres in Porto Rico may be regarded as a large farm. It is significant, therefore, that three-fourths of the farm land of the island is in holdings of more than that size.

Not only is the farm land predominantly and increasingly in the hands of a few owners, but it is passing more and more into the hands of alien or absentee landlords. Leopoldo Feliú, ex-Commissioner of Agriculture and Labor, estimates that three-fourths of the cane land is owned or leased by three big companies, the stock of which is owned chiefly in the United States, while about the same proportion of the tobacco land is controlled by the Porto Rican-American Tobacco Company, a subsidiary of the American Tobacco Company. The coffee plantations, according to Mr. Feliú, have been gradually passing into the hands of Spanish merchants who have obtained mortgages on them for goods supplied—and under the stress of hard times have been able to foreclose.

Probably the chief reason for the growing domination of the island by outsiders is the high cost of money, making it extremely precarious for anyone without ready capital to embark upon industry. The regular bank rate is 10 per cent on loans of $2,000 or less, 9 per cent on sums from $2,000 to $50,000, and 8 per cent on amounts above $50,000. But this is not all of the story. There are various extras in the way of commissions and the like, especially among the money lenders to whom the small borrower is largely compelled to resort, in consequence of which the actual interest rate commonly runs from 12 to 18 per cent, with cases where it has been 48 per cent!

Obviously it is impossible for industry to pay such interest rates and have anything left as wages for the workers

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who sustain it. No wonder that the island is bled white of its riches, that its industry, like its population, is anemic! It has been estimated that two-thirds of the wealth produced in Porto Rico goes abroad in the form of rents, commissions, or dividends. As C. Toro Labarthe, formerly Commissioner of Agriculture and Labor, has put it: "The island is well organized as a factory for production of profits, and it is worked by unhappy peons the fruit of whose toil goes to the enrichment of owners and stockholders most of whom are absentees."

V. Emigration—Or What?

From what has been said it should be clear that Porto Rican industry, as it exists, is inadequate to afford a decent or even a tolerable life to a population already oriental in its density and still rapidly increasing. Not a few students of conditions have thrown up their hands and counseled emigration as the only solution. Cuba and Santo Domingo, they have argued, need agricultural labor, not to speak of more distant points. But the Porto Rican cannot be forced to leave home, and he evinces no wish to do so voluntarily in any but insignificant numbers. Emigration is probably impractical and certainly deplorable as a remedy. There must be a better alternative. In the future some reliance may be placed on the development of light manufacturing, because although lacking in iron, coal, or water power, and remote from world markets, the island has an important asset in its abundant labor supply. The making of cigars and cigarettes from native tobacco is already an industry of importance, while Porto Rican hand-made lace and women's blouses command a ready market in the United States. The island ought to make all of its cotton clothing, instead of importing it, and probably its shoes.

But for the present the hope of better living conditions lies chiefly in a more extensive and diversified agriculture. Presumably the present landowners are cultivating all the acreage that their resources permit or their judgment dictates. Likewise they are raising the crops that they believe to be most profitable. Hope of more extensive and diversified agriculture lies not in them but in putting new men on the land as small cultivators on their own account. Such men would inevitably increase the number of acres under cultivation and, as small producers working fresh land of varying possibilities, would be likely to find profit in new crops, especially if encouraged by experimentation on the part of the government and assisted in marketing their products.

To put any substantial number of men on the land as cultivators on their own account will require a new taxation system, devised to make unprofitable the holding of idle land, together with a policy of land purchase by the government and redistribution in small holdings on leasehold. There is now a homestead law in Porto Rico, designed to utilize public lands as small farms, but as the government owns little property that is of any promise agriculturally, this effort does not go far enough.

Along with a policy of land enfranchisement for a new crop of small farmers must go a method of supplying them with working capital at lower interest than the exorbitant rates now current. A start in this direction was made by the extension to Porto Rico last autumn of the Federal Land Bank. This promises important relief to small farmers through money at 6 per cent, although its field is limited on account of the provision restricting any individual loan to $5,000 and making only a first mortgage on land acceptable as security. Additional credit is needed, supplied if necessary by insular bond issues, available in larger sums than $5,000 and obtainable on crops as well as on land.

To put the now landless and commonly jobless Porto Rican in the fields as an independent cultivator is, of course, encompassed by many difficulties and likely to result in numerous failures. Generations of virtual serfdom have unfitted him temperamentally for the work. But with the advice and assistance of a competent agricultural service the mountains in the way, though lofty, are not impassable.

VI. The Political Future

I have left until last a discussion of the island's political future. Last but not least? No, as I see it, last *and least.* That, of course, is contrary to the prevailing opinion in Porto Rico, where the future form of government is regarded as first and foremost and is above all else the subject of discussion and controversy.

And that is just the trouble. All over the world, to be sure, people are talking and thinking in the language of outworn political systems instead of in modern economic terms. But Porto Rico is in such desperate need of economic reconstitution that the subordination of this task to the puerilities and personalities that occupy the attention of the Unionists and the Republicans—the largest two parties—is especially tragic. Porto Rico is too poor to afford the luxury of much politics; it ought not to afford even the luxury of much graft. (Or is that a necessity?) Graft works greater hardship there than in the United States. For instance, when visiting Ponce, I remarked to a friend who was showing me about that the high-school building was much in need of a coat of paint. He agreed, adding sadly that money for such work had been appropriated a year or so previously but had leaked away before it got as far as the high-school walls. Now that illustrates a difference between Porto Rico and the United States. I do not know that there is more graft in one place than in the other, but the United States is a richer country and although, in most public work, a good deal of money trickles into wrong channels, there is usually something left for the original purpose. Out of a similar appropriation there might have been as much extracted in graft as in Porto Rico, but the total would have been sufficient so that the high-school would have got at least a cheap coat of paint.

In my judgment it does not matter a picayune whether the form of government in Porto Rico remains what it is, or whether the island is organized as a territory, admitted to the Union as a State, or constituted as some sort of free state. (No considerable group is any longer asking for independence.) Yet, as long as people are as they are, it seems advisable to seek some solution of Porto Rico's political future in order to remove the question from party politics and induce the island to occupy itself with more important subjects.

In any event the future form of government in Porto Rico is essentially an insular question, and should be so recognized in the United States. It is true that, if the island is admitted as a State to the Union, it will thereafter have its share in determining the national destiny, but its influence in that respect will be hardly large enough to be of either appreciable benefit or calculable harm. About the only novelty in the Federal government that has

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been suggested as likely to ensue from Porto Rico's admission to statehood would be the probability that the island would send some Negroes to sit in Congress.

Anyhow it is for Porto Rico, primarily, to determine its political future. Any attempt to fabricate a form of government in the United States and foist it upon the island would be resented, no matter how excellent the device. Congress must wait for some fairly general crystallization of opinion in Porto Rico before it can do anything. Until recently this has been lacking, but there is now a movement in the Unionist Party to abandon the demand for a free state and to unite with others in asking for a territorial government now, with statehood as a probable sequel.

At first sight there seems to be no virtue in a territorial government as an intermediate step. The Jones Act, of 1917, probably gives Porto Rico as much self-government already as it would have under territorial organization, unless the island be allowed—as Porto Ricans suggest—to elect its Governor. But in spite of first appearances to the contrary, there would be one great advantage in organizing Porto Rico as a territory. It would be a tacit promise on the part of Congress, and a virtual acceptance by the island, that statehood was the eventual goal, and agreement on that point would be invaluable in removing the question from insular politics.

Congress would be ill-advised to thrust statehood, or anything else, upon Porto Rico. But if determinable sentiment in the island should swing definitely toward incorporation in the Union, Congress could commemorate the completion of twenty-five years of American administration in no better way than by giving to Porto Rico the territorial organization which would be the token of statehood to come.

The Roots of the War—And of Peace*

By COUNT HARRY KESSLER

OF course, most of the problems of which the war and the present critical state of Europe are the outcome were not new in 1914; they date back far behind the war. At the root of all I think you will find, if you dig down, two fundamental facts: (1) An immense and unprecedented growth of population in almost all the European countries within the last century; (2) An awakening, still more unprecedented, of the masses, of the self-consciousness of the masses, due to popular education, to the popular press, and to all sorts of authorized and unauthorized propaganda. . . .

The growth of population beyond the sustaining capacity of its soil gave every European nation the millions of hungry workers necessary to start great industries, to start "big business" on an unprecedented scale. It gave each of these expanding nations not only the opportunity; it forced upon it also the necessity of creating and maintaining great industries; for it forced them to buy food and raw materials in great quantities in foreign markets; and forced them, therefore, to sell in foreign markets great quantities of their own products, in order to pay for what they urgently needed. The English people could not live more than two months in the year on the food produced in the British Isles; or, putting it another way, five-sixths of the people of Great Britain would have to starve if it lost the capacity of buying food in foreign markets. Germany, even before the war, had to import about one-third of its food stuffs and almost all its raw materials. Here you have the roots of modern industrial competition as between nations. . . .

No less urgent were the questions arising out of the awakening of the masses, and, first and foremost, nationalism and the growing will of nations to self-determination and unity. I believe it was Secretary Lansing who noted down in his diary at Paris that the idea of self-determination carried by President Wilson into the councils at Versailles would work like dynamite on Europe; well, that dynamite was always smoldering and sometimes violently exploding in most of the great empires of Europe during the greater part of the last century. Not only the Ottoman Empire, but also Austria, Germany, Great Britain were never in the course of the last hundred years safe from its effects. It made a burning problem of the reorganization of Europe on national lines, in so far as the wars and revolutions of the nineteenth century had not already brought about this reorganization by force.

Democracy itself did not lessen but increased these difficulties. I believe in democracy. I believe that true world democracy will in the future be the chief safeguard of peace and prosperity. But the separate democracies of the different competing nations before the war were the very objects, and must necessarily be the first victims, of defeat in economic competition. These separate and water-tight democracies were therefore ideal hunting grounds for the nationalist scaremonger. And besides, these democracies added force to the disrupting idea of national self-determination. To aid this scaremongering, an old tradition in all European states made it more or less constitutional to keep from democracy all real knowledge of international affairs. Under these circumstances, it therefore became increasingly urgent to organize cooperation between the different national democracies, through open diplomacy and other appropriate machinery, lest they should come to blows.

Last, but not least, class consciousness raised the whole question of the share of labor in the profits and dignity of production—a question which alone was sufficient to shake the social structure of Europe to its foundations.

On the other hand, the new constructive forces were no less in magnitude than these great problems. Allow me to mention some of these forces only: the increase in power of industry and transportation, the tightening web of world economy, the revolutionary onward rush of science, the moral and spiritual vigor of the awakened masses, ready to hand for any one to use for constructive, as well as for destructive, purposes.

But the trouble was the politicians did not care or did not know how to use these forces for constructive purposes and for the solution of the problems overhanging Europe. On the other hand, these problems and the dangers which they threatened, so long as they remained unsolved, were so patent that they resulted in an universal feeling of insecurity. Now here, in this universal feeling of insecurity, I

* From a lecture delivered before the Institute of Politics, Williamstown, Massachusetts, on July 30.

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think we have the immediate cause of the great tragedy. For this universal sense of insecurity forced the politicians to find, or at least to pretend to find, solutions and remedies; and the remedies they applied were armaments, imperialism and alliances. But it is an unfortunate fact that every one of those remedies added new formidable dangers to those already threatening, and far from making the different countries really safe, could not even make them *feel* safe. . . .

At any rate, when the catastrophe came, it struck Europe with all its great problems unsolved, and the devastation wrought by the great catastrophe added new problems to the old ones. This devastation was, of course, terrific. The committee constituted at Copenhagen to investigate the social effects of the war makes out a total of 35,000,000 lives lost in Europe:

In France.....	1,400,000	killed
	1,500,000	by the decrease of birth rate.
In Italy	600,000	killed
	1,400,000	by the decrease of birth rate.
In Russia.....	9,829,000	killed
	20,000,000	by the decrease of birth rate.
In England	800,000	killed
	850,000	by the decrease of birth rate.
In Germany.....	2,000,000	killed
	3,600,000	by the decrease of birth rate.
and added to them	763,000	killed by the blockade during the war and after.

I call your special attention to these 763,000, because they were mostly women and children and old men and a large proportion were killed after the fighting was over. They total almost as many lives as England lost in all through the war.

The destruction of property was not less appalling. In France 285,000 houses were destroyed and 400,000 damaged; over 3,000,000 acres of French soil devastated; 2,400 kilometers of her main railway lines and 22,000 of her factories destroyed. Everybody who realizes this, and still more, those who have seen the devastated areas in France, must feel deeply with the French people; and also with Europe for the frightful injury inflicted, in part, as must be admitted, wantonly, on one of its richest provinces. But unfortunately these French ruins are not the only wound on the fair face of Europe. Few people, I believe, realize the devastation of Poland which the Russian armies inflicted on that unfortunate country in their retreat. I witnessed that retreat and that destruction, as they were in progress. Hundreds of miles of Russian front rolled back over the villages and cities, setting fire to each as it was evacuated, and leaving behind nothing but charred ruins. . . .

So much for the loss of life and property; but this almost pales before the worst devastation wrought by the war; the poisoning of the moral atmosphere. Atrocities there always have been and always will be in every war. War is not a clean or moral business. Certainly, where individual atrocities occur they should be denounced. I never hesitated to do so myself, when I had any suspicions against any of our own men. But on the whole, I think there were fewer atrocities on all sides than the world has been led to think. Human nature, after all, was not quite so black as it was painted. . . . But it is not the very right and natural outcry against individual atrocities that has created the atmosphere of hate; rather, this was studiously prepared by the denunciation of whole nations through well-organized propaganda. Immediately the war began, the war minister of one of the great powers involved told the journalists: "You shall be the sowers of hate." . . .

The lessons and forces which sprang from the great changes of the nineteenth century I have already at least mentioned: the immensely increased power of production and transportation, the gradual tightening of the web of world economy, the driving power of science, the moral and spiritual forces called into being by the awakening of the masses. What did the war add to all these? First of all, in the economic field, the lessons of a great experiment: the experiment of withdrawing the supreme control of production and distribution from private enterprise and from the mere pursuit of individual profit, and handing it over to a council representing, on the allied side, twenty-six states, with the purpose of adapting both production and distribution to the needs of the peoples. The Supreme Economic Council of the Allies, controlling industries and shipping, may have been defective and irksome; but it certainly demonstrated one thing: that the international control of foodstuffs and raw materials and the international adjustment of their distribution to the needs of the different nations are at any rate possible.

Hardly less important was the lesson given by the cooperation of organized labor with the governments, both in Germany and on the allied side. It proved that these great organized bodies of workers, that had been growing up in the various trades, had not only become a power which forced recognition, but also that invaluable use can be made of them for intensifying and quickening production.

What bearings these two lessons may have on the great problems of Europe we shall have to consider in a later lecture. But whatever we may find, these bearings and all economic and social solutions will depend, in the last resort, on the spirit of humanity. And it is therefore to the spirit we must look if we are to decide whether there are at present, or were when the war ceased, any serious hopes of a better world.

Now I think that nothing can strengthen these hopes more than the spirit of purest self-sacrifice with which hundreds of thousands on all sides went out to lay down their lives in what to them was a sacred cause. I wish to quote as a particularly moving document of that spirit, the book of a young Frenchman killed in the war: "Lettres d'un Soldat." I should like to add to these the memory of Rupert Brooke; and also the memory of one or two young prisoners with whom I had the privilege of speaking. Often, when I have been moved to indignation by some particularly poisonous product of the propaganda of hate, I have thought of these splendid young Frenchmen or Englishmen, and the feeling has died away. Against the propaganda of hate we have to set this magnificent triumph of the idea of service. I doubt whether at any other time this triumph could have been so complete.

For this same idea of service was living, also, in all countries; in those courageous men and women who resisted the war at the cost of their liberty and even of their lives; in the Quakers and conscientious objectors in England, or in strong individual characters such as Rosa Luxemburg and Theodore Liebknecht in Germany. Here was the idea of service, and also the promise of something new and great; of a moral revolt against the ancient law of blood, of an uncompromising stand for the rights of humanity. . . .

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Easley to the Rescue

By HUBERT C. HERRING

The incident related below is an actual happening. The name of the institution is suppressed at the instance of the author, who writes: "My good friends at the University of ——— are having a very difficult time inducing any men of liberal tendencies to come down into their country."

THE Stars and Stripes still fly over The University.

Thanks to Mr. Easley and his Civic Federation.

The National Student Forum, in its effort to promote friendship and understanding between European and American students, arranged a tour of the colleges by a select group of students. They came to The University. A brilliant young Englishman. A Czech filled with enthusiasm for the student Renaissance movement of his own country. And—tread gently—one of our late enemy, a brilliant lad of twenty-one years from the University of Heidelberg. They came to tell of the spiritual ideals of the youth of Europe. They came as harbingers of a new Europe, in which youth shall come to its own.

Thanks to Mr. Easley, their heresies did not foul the pure air of The University. The redoubtable Easley issued an encyclical. It told the dreadful truth. He waxed eloqu nt over the youth movement of Europe. He saw them leading in a concerted protest against war. They were, they must be . . . red . . . pacifists . . . socialists . . . anarchists. It was a delightful bit of literature. It fairly oozed with that unflinching, die-if-I-must-but-here-I-stand-so-help-me-God patriotism which has led friend Easley in his brave assault on windmills throughout his naive career. It reached The University. Faculty and students fairly lapped it up. They licked their chops over its fine phrases. They tightened their belts and cleaned their guns.

Enter the villains.

They were summoned into executive session. Faculty and students were represented. The cordial atmosphere of a juicy bit of beefsteak with twenty dogs looking it over.

The Inquisition was on.

They asked questions. "You would recommend that mere freshmen be lectured by Bolsheviks?" No answers were needed. It was not a trial—simply a conviction. It was made perfectly clear that The University would allow no foreigner to come over and tell us native Americans how to run our country. Not by a long shot.

The Inquisition continued.

A student approached the leader of the party, one of the officers of the Student Forum. He asked him about religion. It must be regretfully recorded that the answer indicated a shattered faith in Jonah, or something of the sort. This was enough. It was announced that these visitors not only refused to believe in the everlasting curse of war . . . but that they were heretics. The University may have faults . . . but it is firm for the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch . . . and the doctrine of the Trinity.

To aggravate the situation, one of the group remarked that a Negro college in Washington was equal to any white college which they had visited. We believe in keeping the Nigger in his place down our way.

Retribution was swift.

The University newspaper came out with emphatic headlines. "Parlor Bolshevism Fails To Impress Students." Naively it went on to say that "the four men's ideas did not meet with approval here." The four were reported as being "individualists, which is generally regarded here as synonymous with 'parlor Bolsheviks'."

Again they were summoned into solemn conclave.

They were firmly informed that the students were too young . . . that they were not prepared to hear such doctrines . . . and that, furthermore, the students did not wish to hear them.

Perfectly lucid.

The Y.M.C.A. secretary also made it clear that his organization was having difficulty getting on its feet . . . and that if it got the reputation of harboring Bolsheviks . . . it would suffer financially.

The spokesman concluded: "We are not telling you when to go . . . but we must tell you that there is danger that the students might get excited and throw you out." The spokesman for the students frankly answered: "This is a friendship tour. We have no other aim. If you do not wish to meet us on this basis, we gladly leave."

They left. In peace.

The University is at peace. No enemy breaks her tranquillity. She is free to believe in the divine sanction of war . . . and the eternity of confusion . . . and the Trinity . . . and the blood atonement. The president can peacefully continue his educational task of coaxing a few more unwilling dollars from a reluctant legislature.

But—where will the boys and girls get educated?

It whets my curiosity. What kind of two-headed calves are these dreadful students? I hear Antonin Palecek tell of the spiritual urge and intensity of the students of Czecho-Slovakia. Their vision of the new republic's mission. Their enthusiasm in intellectual pursuit. Their glowing idealism. I hear Joachim Friedrich pleading for a new age in which all of the beauty of life shall not be crushed out by the ponderous mechanism of modern industry. I hear him explain his own ambition—politics in his own country. "Each nation, after all, must clean house for itself." I hope it is true . . . that the youth of Europe . . . are looking to the stars.

But *the* Easley is undoubtedly right. It is dangerous doctrine . . . to talk about new worlds. So is Christianity dangerous. I suppose that is the reason it is not taught . . . very widely.

I am on the train. Four boys sit opposite me. Students from The University. One of them is reading the *Outlook*. I ask him: "Did you meet those foreign boys last week?"

"Huh, we kicked 'em out!"

"You don't stand for any new-fangled ideas down there, do you?"

"I should say not!"

Conversation lagged.

"Say," says he, "see that Nigger up there in this white coach?"

"Yes?"

"Well, we wouldn't stand for that in our State! Would kick him right out."

I wager that he believes in the inerrancy of the Scriptures . . . and the Ku Klux Klan. . . .

But where can he get an education?

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In the Driftway

IT has often been remarked that we live in an age which has no time to waste. The telephone, the wireless, the railroad train, the automobile, the talking machine, the motion picture, all are time savers or labor savers. And fully in tune with these we have an outline of history, an outline of science, and now an outline of literature.

* * * * *

AS one contemplates these volumes it is all too evident that this business of outlining is only at its beginning. The Drifter is confident that all the main branches of human knowledge, all the great divisions into which thought can be marked off, will presently have their outlines. What worries him is that some of the side paths may be overlooked.

* * * * *

AS if in answer to this very point, the following letter was left on the Drifter's doorstep by his favorite and only postman: "Dear Sir:" it said, "I can furnish you with all information on cookery in every branch for every age, yet brief and to the point. Would you know how the great Roman Empire ate fish, or how long the Spartans boiled their spinach? Are you curious about the sandwiches eaten by Saint Augustine in the small hours after a day of fasting, and what do you suppose was in Martin Luther's inkwell when he tasted it and then threw it at the Devil? The seventeenth-century pastry, the eighteenth-century meat pudding, the nineteenth-century boiled potato, and the thoroughly modern strawberry shortcake are all described, analyzed, and prepared for digestion by you in my marvelous work, 'An Outline of the World's Cookery.' Buy Volume I today and you will never regret it."

* * * * *

THIS extraordinary document, which the Drifter would not vouch for in any court of law, set his mind completely at rest. Outlines of the more delectable things of life are evidently not to be lacking. He can imagine sitting down with joy to the perusal of an outline of costumes, with the inevitable fascinating pictures (all outlines have them); or of crime, where the pictures would probably crowd out the text; or of university presidents, whose pictures would not be so essential; or of sports, where beautiful Greek maidens playing ball would vie with beautiful California young men playing tennis. Quite irresistible would be an outline of leisure, with every different way of wasting time catalogued and diagrammed, with all the lazy boyhoods of great men set down, and all the priceless booksellers' lists, and the useless carpentry, and the ways of cleaning pipes and painting boats that really make life worth living.

* * * * *

THE Drifter has long been in favor of subsidies for indigent authors. He would doubly favor such aids in the case of a writer of outlines. Unfortunately he will never have time to compile one himself. In the first place he is too busy reading the outlines already written; and besides he is occupied with a greater work. When it is finished it will be worthy, he hopes, to stand by the best that has gone before. Seventeen volumes it will be, all bound in bright red cloth with a modest title in gold: "An Outline of the World's Outlines," by THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Letters to the Editor should ordinarily not exceed 400 words, and shorter communications are more likely to be printed. In any case the Editor reserves the right to abridge communications.

Oklahoma Talks Back

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The article on Oklahoma in the issue of *The Nation* for July 11 contains so many distortions of fact and errors of judgment that it should not be permitted to pass unnoticed and unchallenged.

"The theft by night of the State papers . . . by automobile bandits." The capital was changed from Guthrie to Oklahoma City in an election legally called and participated in by all qualified electors of the State. The seal of the State and archives were removed by C. N. Haskell, who was Governor of the State at that time. He has never before been referred to as an "automobile bandit." Neither did the Supreme Court of the State find anything nefarious in this act.

"The indictment of a governor," etc. The governor referred to appeared before a court of competent jurisdiction and the case was dismissed. Does *The Nation* reverse the ordinary process of American law and assume that the accused is always guilty until he establishes his innocence?

"There was coal to be mined near El Reno, Oklahoma City, and Guthrie." If Comrade Rascoe can point out the exact location of coal mines within fifty miles of any one of the aforementioned cities, he will be conferring a great favor upon those communities.

The statements of Comrade Rascoe in regard to the banking system of the State are correct in so far as he gives Oklahoma credit for good banking laws; his other assertions are childish and puerile. The depositors are made up of the same kind of people as those who make up the clientele of similar banks in other States. The bankers of Oklahoma make their living in the same way that the bankers of Yonkers or Albany eke out their livelihood.

"A State young and unpopulous"—We refer you to the United States Census for 1920: Nebraska, 1,296,372; New York, 10,385,227; Oklahoma, 2,028,283; Kansas, 1,769,257; Iowa, 2,404,021; Indiana, 2,930,390; Colorado, 939,629; Maine, 768,014; Michigan, 3,668,412; Minnesota, 2,387,125.

One gathers that all the bright young men are leaving the State. Witness the case of Comrade Rascoe. "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away." We must bear up. Oklahoma does not have a larger percentage than any other State of Sunday-school superintendents who go wrong; its bootleggers are only as corrupt as those of other States.

I have been in, around, and on practically every Indian reservation in the State of Oklahoma. The Indians of this State were not inclosed in stockades in this State at any time for any purpose. If it had been necessary it would have been done. Your neighbor in Oklahoma may be an Indian. He may be a graduate of Carlisle. He may be very wealthy and he may even pass as of pure white blood. It is possible to travel hundreds of miles in Oklahoma and never see the Indian blanket. In that travel you will be safer than on Michigan Avenue in Chicago.

There is no essential difference between life in Oklahoma and life in Evanston, Kokomo, South Bend, except that life in Oklahoma is safer.

Norman, Oklahoma, July 18 JESSE LEE RADER

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is generally conceded that a country can safely be judged by its women; therefore, I state to you that Oklahoma is just under New York and California in its number of branches of the American Association of University Women. We have

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women poets, writers, artists, and musicians of national fame —not counting the finest womanhood in general that any State can boast of.

You evidently failed to observe that an Oklahoma girl—Nellie Marita Miller, of Oklahoma City—won the National Pianist Contest held in June by the National Federation of Music Clubs, Illinois and California following. Last year Mildred Davis, of Guthrie, Oklahoma, won second place in a similar contest, under a New York man of twenty-eight who had toured Europe in concert. Fine arts couldn't possibly be developed to this extent under conditions as reported in your article.

Our national resources compare most favorably with those of the best States in our United States of America. As a rose State we rank with any; and as for our classification in oil—ask the Standard, which is trying to gobble the State.

Your Rascoe must have gotten into an ex-Texan's or Arkansas farmer's shack and enjoyed so much the diet of "corn bread, salt pork, and sorghum molasses" that he refers to that he remained and went no further.

Chicago, July 16 SUSAN B. SCOTT

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Perhaps you would be interested in the following extract from a letter from my sister, Mrs. Florence Phin, now in Oklahoma:

> No doubt you read the article on Oklahoma in a recent issue of *The Nation*. You can scarcely imagine the furor it has created. Feeling ranges from furious rage through surprise and indignation to wounded hearts. You can't pick up a local paper without seeing some reference to it in the editorial column, correspondents' corner, or funny page. I venture to say that Mr. Burton Rascoe's name is on the black list of the Ku Klux Klan, and that in the future it would be safer for him to travel around Oklahoma than through it.
>
> The State Historian has written an open letter, characterizing the article in *The Nation* as a tissue of unmitigated lies and scandalous libel—so everything's all serene once more.

New York, July 31 SOLON DE LEON

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Overnight the name of Burton Rascoe has become as famous in Oklahoma as that of Henry Starr, the bank bandit. Rotarians, Lions, Civitans, Chambers of Commerce, Kiwanis, Elks, Oowahs, Laff-a-lots, Joy de Vies, Ku Kluxers—all across the State there has risen a mighty howl of rage from the regimented Babbitts over the publication in *The Nation* of Mr. Rascoe's recent article on the Sooner State. Speakers have been sent out from the Oklahoma City Chamber of Commerce to "blow up that Rascoe boy" and sell Oklahoma to its citizens. The most successful have been the press agent for the Bell telephone company and the local head of a mortgage-loan society. Summed up, the refutations of Mr. Rascoe's comment on the socio-economic condition of Oklahoma run as follows:

"Rascoe should be called Boscoe, the Barnum wild man."

"Oklahoma City has 21.6 telephones to every 100 citizens, which is more than there are in New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, or Passyak (*sic*), New Jersey."

"The investment of the Bell Telephone Company in Oklahoma City comes to $4,000,000. There are three exchanges in town and the company employs more than a thousand men and women."

"Rascoe must wear a black, flowing tie."

"Rascoe is afraid to come out here and live because he hasn't got the spirit of the pioneers that built up this glorious State of ours."

"Young girls in New York smoke cigarettes and two years ago there was a hold-up in the Hotel Astor in broad daylight."

When the speeches are concluded, a vote of thanks is invariably extended to Mr. Rascoe for giving the people of the State an opportunity to find out that they are living in the "best city in the best State in the Union."

Silent amid this indignant outburst are the men and women of the Farmer-Labor Reconstruction League, the progressive organization that elected Governor Walton last fall. They realize all too well the force of Mr. Rascoe's indictment. It was against the mortgage-loan societies, the oil interests, the landlords, the gamblers in wheat and real estate that the League campaigned. Today the League members are grimly watching the victorious return of their defeated foes of last autumn. Their newspaper, the *Oklahoma Leader*, is being driven to the wall by the withdrawal of advertising patronage, the bankruptcy of farmer subscribers, the successful tactics of the Open Shoppers. The Governor on whom they had pinned their faith is turning Farmer-Labor men out of office every day. He is parading around the State accompanied by a retinue of military men assuring the business men that his opinions of radicals are "unprintable." The Klan, which took to cover at Walton's election, is out again with public ceremonies attended by 30,000 people in Oklahoma City. Independent oil men are having their runs pro-rated by the Standard and their crude prices cut daily. Tenant-farmers, unable to keep body and soul together at the present price of wheat, are drifting aimlessly about in covered wagons. Coal miners are rapidly becoming vagrants.

But Rascoe's a liar, God's in His Heaven, and there are 21.6 telephone subscribers to every 100 citizens in Oklahoma City.

Oklahoma City, July 21 MCALISTER COLEMAN

The West Virginia Article

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Cain seems to have overlooked the State motto: "Montani semper liberi," which, I am told, is carved, with no attempt at humor, over the State penitentiary at Moundsville. The motto has an ironical sound also when one thinks of the situation in the embattled coal fields.

And though I take issue with the statement that "culture is at a standstill," I well remember hearing a governor say in an address that the "duties of a governor is ard-i-ous" while declaiming on the virtues of "this commonwealth of West Virginny."

Chicago, June 29 FRANCES KLEIN VINER

Leipzig's Need

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Leipzig Handels-Hochschule is founding a Weltwirtschafts-Institut. In view of the difficulty of supplying its library under the present exchange conditions, we hope that some of your readers will find it possible to send newspapers, magazines, books, pamphlets, and statistical publications to us.

We hope later to invite foreign economists to lecture. At present we can pay for such privileges only the trifling sum current in Germany. If American economists coming to Germany or their friends would inform us, we should be glad to have them speak under our auspices.

Leipzig, June 1 ERNST SCHULTZE, Rector

Contributors to This Issue

SAMUEL DANZIGER, recently connected with the Veterans' Bureau, has made a first-hand study of the problems of disabled ex-service men.

HOWARD VINCENT O'BRIEN is a native of Illinois. His most recent book is "Trodden Gold."

COUNT HARRY KESSLER, formerly German Minister to Poland, is a leader of the Democratic Party.

HUBERT C. HERRING is the pastor of the United Church of Wichita, Kansas.

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Books

Damaged Souls

Damaged Souls. By Gamaliel Bradford. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.

IT was characteristic of the editor of a popular magazine to suggest to Mr. Bradford that he should undertake a series of "iconoclastic portraits" in which he should go back through our national history and select prominent figures who have loomed overlarge in their own day and have shone with a false glory. "Of course," wrote the editor, "in dealing with such a gallery we should expect you to proceed ruthlessly and with scant deference to tradition." It was equally characteristic of Mr. Bradford that he should reply that the suggestion made "a fascinating appeal to the worst elements in his nature" and that he should make the counter-proposal of "a group of somewhat discredited figures" whom he would not attempt to rehabilitate or whitewash but whom he would so probe and examine as to bring out their real humanity and to show that they possessed something of the same strength and weakness as all of us. For, as Mr. Bradford justly remarks, in every character that he has portrayed his effort has been to find the good rather than the evil. It must be added that in some of those that are grouped together in his latest volume of portraits "the soul of goodness in things evil" lies far below the surface. The first five subjects of his inquiry are worthy of his deft sympathy; the last two—Phineas Taylor Barnum and Benjamin Franklin Butler—are hardly subjects for such nice treatment, for Barnum's was not the sort of soul that could sustain serious damage and Butler's was too much patched and mauled to make the effort of repair worth while. Of Barnum we learn that he hugely enjoyed life, and of Butler that his wife loved him. After reading these two studies in biography one is tempted to commend Mr. Horatio Bottomley to Mr. Bradford's attention.

But the portraitist's finest art has gone into the other studies. The gallantry and pathos of Benedict Arnold perhaps appeal to him most of all; but the unquenchable *joie de vivre* and the Casanova-like amours and romantic flittings of Aaron Burr afford material for picturesque narrative, while in both these cases the devoted love of noble women (unless women can be at once noble and blind) gives testimony to the hidden worth within these so discredited personalities. At all events there can be no question of the extent and seriousness of the damage to these two souls. When we come to Thomas Paine and John Randolph and John Brown we find an element of strength or of grandeur or at least (in the case of Paine) of positive and important achievement that renders the damage of comparatively little moment. I do not think that any of these three men can fairly be called "discredited."

It is of course absurd to say, as Mr. Mencken has said in an appreciation of Mr. Bradford which has been widely circulated by canny publishers, that Mr. Bradford "invented the formula of Lytton Strachey's" studies in biography. One need not enter into debate on the relative value of the American's and the Englishman's work; if Mr. Bradford is more mellow, Mr. Strachey is more witty, and years may supply him with the mellowness while, meantime, wit is a good thing. But of course neither writer "invented the formula." It is present in Sainte-Beuve's *causeries*. There are suggestions of it in the eighteenth-century theory of "the ruling passion." Clarendon practiced it. Indeed there is something of it in Plutarch. But there are qualities quite as excellent as originality; and few writers have applied this formula of careful inquiry into the hidden motives of the heart and of nice adjustment and balancing of evidence with more wisdom and more humaneness than has Mr. Gamaliel Bradford.

SAMUEL C. CHEW

The Second Empire

Louis Napoleon and the Recovery of France. By F. A. Simpson. Longmans, Green and Company. $6.

OWING to the progress of research and the shift in perspective, contemporary history usually needs revising as soon as passions have cooled. A notable illustration is afforded by the career of Louis Napoleon, whom until a generation ago most historians either scornfully decried or praised unduly. It was only in the late nineties that moderate appreciations of the Second Empire began to appear. To be sure, Ollivier, while generally reliable, is frankly apologetic. La Gorce, on the contrary, occasionally does Napoleon III injustice, especially in considering relations with the church. Although Mr. Simpson stands for unbiased liberalism, his "Rise of Louis Napoleon" (1909) revealed him as entirely fair to the conspiring prince.

The present sequel, covering the period from 1848 to the Congress of Paris in 1856, exhibits similar impartiality, but is broader in scope. For in the light of documents hitherto unavailable, Louis Napoleon's struggles after 1848 emerge, not as the Utopian schemes for which on their morrow they were dismissed, but as events fraught with consequences of supreme importance to Europe. Without the aid of this crowned champion the unorthodox cause of nationalism could not have achieved its triumphs. Thus the enigmatic Napoleon III, even though neglected at home for his overshadowing uncle, well deserves the attention of foreign historians. Says Mr. Simpson: "No other ruler of France—none perhaps of any European country—was so cosmopolitan in his training and outlook. None certainly was less French. Essentially he was an international figure: too good a citizen of Europe to be the ultimately successful ruler of any one country in it."

True, owing to his precarious power under the regime of 1848, the Prince President's cosmopolitanism at first remained latent. According to his conviction, it was only as emperor that he could reopen the Treaty of Vienna and deliver the nationalities oppressed by Metternich and Nicholas. So "the man of December" must first consolidate his power by a revision of the constitution of 1848. But that masterpiece of stupidity, so framed by ideologists as to force upon France a republican form of government, made a revision impossible. Mr. Simpson affirms that no single cause has done so much to obscure the history of the Second Empire as the failure of historians to read this entangled document. After three years of vain attempts to unravel the entanglement, Louis, "still a liberal at heart," cut through it by a coup d'état.

Criminal as was this step, Mr. Simpson thinks it justifiable in principle, since France yearned for some means of averting the dreaded crisis due the next year. While naturally refusing to condone the indiscriminate fusillade upon non-combatants and the deportations, he asserts that English condemnation of the coup d'état was based on a very imperfect knowledge of the facts.

Firmly established in power, Napoleon III could tackle broad questions, domestic and foreign. His constructive decrees promoting agriculture, industry, and commerce brought France unprecedented prosperity. On the other hand, education and the intellectual life did not flourish. Nor had the Roman expedition satisfied either party, because the President wavered between a radical and a conservative policy. But the event revived Louis's dream of liberating Italy, a project delayed by the conflict with Russia.

Various accusations charging Napoleon III with responsibility for the Crimean War are disproved by Mr. Simpson. True, the apostle of nationalism was eager to protect the threatened principalities against Russia. But when England refused to fight on for Polish independence, he quickly accepted peace. Napoleon III apparently entered the conflict chiefly to

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cement the alliance with England. Yet no sooner had France emerged from it as the first continental Power than Albion began to fear her. Nor, English support lacking, were the Emperor's hopes regarding the nationalities realized at the Congress of Paris. To crown misfortune, his cosmopolitan aberrations on this occasion formed the ominous prelude to a series of services which in the next ten years he was spontaneously to render to the champions of new Italy and new Germany.

However, it was through diplomacy that Louis Napoleon had at first hoped to achieve his aims. Thus he is shown by Mr. Simpson to have been, in the first month of his presidency, the author of the most drastic proposal for the limitation of naval armaments ever put forward by the head of any nation. But England, needless to say, would not consider the suggestion. Equally futile was his appeal in 1849 for an international congress to deal with problems that threatened the peace of Europe.

All his life Louis Napoleon oscillated between semi-socialist inclinations and a cult of discipline, his one conviction being that liberty could not found, but only crown, the political edifice. Mr. Simpson characterizes him as a ruler by instinct generous to a fault, humane to the verge of weakness. "Former governments," the Emperor used to say, "tried to reign by the support of one million of the educated classes. I have tried to reach the other twenty-nine." But in bringing the other twenty and nine from the wilderness he lost the one million that really mattered. For that one outraged million embodied nearly all the political and diplomatic experience of France. As our historian says, it was the tragedy of the reign that the Emperor's illness allowed him just time enough to acquire the strongest hand in Europe, and then intervened to disable him from playing it even tolerably.

Evidently Mr. Simpson has challenged not a few current opinions regarding Louis Napoleon. He apparently believes that certain self-styled impartial historians have shielded the French republics and slandered the Second Empire. Frequently, however, his convictions are based on documents not hitherto utilized. If from the French point of view he judges too leniently the naive cosmopolitan of Napoleon III, this is probably because, after all, he wishes there had been other visionary champions of the oppressed nationalities. Be this as it may, for substance, lucidity, and felicity of epithet his "Louis Napoleon" is an unusual achievement. A penetrating analyst, a logical thinker, a dispassionate critic, Mr. Simpson brings to his subject the most convincing evidence yet presented.

WILLIAM H. SCHEIFLEY

Translations from the Danish and Swedish

A Book of Danish Verse. Translated by F. Foster Damon and Robert Hillyer. The American-Scandinavian Foundation. $2.
Selected Short Stories. By Per Hallström. Translated by F. J. Fielden. The American-Scandinavian Foundation. $2.

WHO reads translated poetry, particularly the lyrics of a bygone age, with large expectations is foreordained to some disappointment. It is like opening a jar of rose leaves culled long ago in forgotten gardens: the petals are crumpled, the color well-nigh lost and the fragrance faint. Danish verse is generally too fragile, too *unmittelbar* and naive to make a brave impression in other than native garb. Even the ruggedness of some of the lines, like those by Grundtvig, becomes mere verbal humpiness in the attempted English transmutation.

The implication is not that the translators have essayed a most difficult task in an indifferent manner. They have perhaps done as well as possible with an inherently unplastic material. The selections capably represent the best of Danish poetry from the early to modern times. Denmark has never been rich in poets and surely does not count many who can be acclaimed great. It may be said not disparagingly that most of the writers of Danish verse have been homey and comfy persons with an enduring and endearing if not always very discriminating love of the native heath, and no greater tinge of northern melancholy and seriousness than their deep and somber beechwoods that fringe smiling seas.

Per Hallström is at his best in the short story and ranks high. Why compare him with Maupassant or any other writer? Being a Swede, it is natural that most things he writes, and he has been prolific in novels, plays and poems as well as in stories, should be "touched by an all-pervading lyricism, for that belongs to the genius of the literature of his country." But he is more than a lyricist. Let him explain himself: "Here, as in the world of reality, the universe reechoes in the individual fate, hangs upon it by a thousand slender threads. The drama is not isolated upon a stage, it moves past like a stream, where wind and waves come from far and have farther yet to go."

Fortunately, the translator, in selecting the stories, has largely chosen tales with a Swedish setting that give one a breath from Hallström's wonderful surroundings in nature, for he conveys it in words with a masterhand. But he is at home in many fields; and in A Secret Idyll, a charmingly pathetic tale of the French Revolution, one recognizes the romantic countryman of Count Axel Fersen. The American-Scandinavian Foundation has put us under new obligations by making this verse and prose accessible to American readers.

JOHN KOREN

Wide-Awake Dreamers

The History of Utopian Thought. By Joyce Oramel Hertzler, Ph.D. The Macmillan Company. $3.

THAT Mr. Hertzler is a clever writer as well as an excellent historian is well proved by the fact that even while impressing his readers with his unquestionable knowledge of the subject under discussion he forestalls their naturally pugnacious barriers toward an authority by being open to argument. He is not afraid of the qualifying phrase, nor does he think that by admitting that a point at issue is largely a matter of opinion he thereby belittles his position. Taking the Utopians from their literary pigeonhole of impossible idealism he places them in their logical position in the evolution of sociological thought and civilized government.

He begins with Amos, about the middle of the eighth century B.C., and, briefly taking up five other Hebrew prophets, he comes down through the Apocalyptists to the Kingdom of God as seen by Jesus. Thus, instead of beginning with Plato, as another writer on Utopians might do, Mr. Hertzler starts with the foundations of idealistic social thought put down in writing. Then he comes to Plato (whom he calls the father of idealism in philosophy) and the early modern Utopians, such as More and Bacon, and so on to the Utopian Socialists of the last two centuries, mostly French, and including such remarkable pioneers as Morelly and Fourier. Finally, with the recent pseudo-Utopias, including such works as Bellamy's "Looking Backward" and H. G. Wells's "Modern Utopia," he finishes the first part of his book, which is actually about five-sixths of it.

But Mr. Hertzler does not simply repeat what the individual Utopians wrote, or show how they differed from each other; he gives a brief biographical sketch of each (and here it is interesting to note that most of them spent some part of their lives in prison and a number were put to death), he connects each one with the society of his time, shows the effect of his environment on his writings, and the probable effect of his writings upon future societies.

The second part of the book is an analysis and critique of social Utopias and Utopians. Mr. Hertzler makes these idealists live as real human beings (and surely they must have been alive in order to be put to death), instead of phantoms of a

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pleasant but impossible social nowhere. He shows their unquestionable importance in the history of social evolution and makes the materialistic masses look rather stupid, even from a practical point of view, for having lightly passed them up for so many centuries. He says of them: "The Utopians are only 'dreamers' in the sense that such is a popular description of any man who is wide awake and a hundred years or so ahead of his time."

And, having lifted the curse from their weary heads and wiped the patronizing smirk from our complacent countenances, he immediately and nimbly jumps to the other side and dims the idolatrous light that is beginning to kindle in our eyes by calling attention to their shortcomings. He logically points out that the inevitability of social change renders any static society, however perfect and desirable, practically impossible. So the Utopians swing down from their brief pedestal and come to a standstill in the half-idealistic and half-human but extremely important position where they belong in the history of social progress.

Unfortunately Mr. Hertzler's book will not, in all probability, be widely read. He has not stooped to patronize the public by talking baby-talk to them, he does not hide behind a sugar-coating of sentimental moralizings. It is not a book to lie in a hammock and read through in one lazy summer afternoon, but a book that might make a person think—and that is disastrous for its popularity. While it is an excellent piece of work from a literary standpoint, it is also, of course, historical and political. But, since it is literary, the politicians will have nothing to do with it, and, since it is political, the literati will have none of it, and since it is historical, few will even consider it.

KATHLEEN MILLAY

The Government and the Worker

The Government—Strikebreaker. By Jay Lovestone. The Workers Party of America. $1.

"FOUR years of American history through the eyes of a Marxist" would be a very fair title for this study of the class struggle in the United States. The book carries a real contribution, for it is a collection of facts by a radical author and publisher, selected and commented upon by those very persons against whom the full vigor of the Department of Justice is now being directed.

The author begins with a statement of the labor policy of the government during the war, and a summary of the promises that were made to the workers when the life of the republic seemed to be threatened. He then traces the position of the authorities in the textile, mine, and the railway-shop strikes to prove his contention that the government is America's strike-breaker-in-chief. Following two chapters on the use of the injunction in labor disputes there are a number of sections devoted to the army, employers' associations, and the press. The conclusion of the whole matter is that the so-called American democracy is in reality a capitalist dictatorship. There is nothing new in this conclusion. It is unusual, however, to have the issue so well presented by a radical writer.

Despite an unfortunate reliance on the *Congressional Record*, and a somewhat too frequent quotation from the *Labor Herald*, the study is a really noteworthy presentation of the social problem, with an astonishingly small amount of bias, and a very praiseworthy evidence of diligent research. Occasionally there is a relapse into the style of the soap-boxer, with such phrases as "truth yells for help" and "jail and the gallows for hundreds of strikers." Such slips are exceptional, however, and the student of current events will want to read very carefully this exposition of class rule in the United States.

Perhaps the book would have been stronger if the author had begun with the steel strike of 1919. Certainly he should have given credit to the workers in the needle trades, and particularly to the Amalgamated Clothing Workers for their spectacular stand against the union-smashing campaign of the bosses. Then, too, the case is a bit overstated. The government is not really the strike-breaker, but a combination police department, sanitary squad, and propaganda bureau for the vested interests. However, these are minor matters of opinion. The major fact is the diligent collection and clear presentation of a very large number of salient industrial and social facts in a low-priced, readable form. Dollar books are almost as rare nowadays as dollar dinners. Both the author and the publishers are to be congratulated upon their ability to talk English at popular prices.

SCOTT NEARING

On the Trail of Pickwick

Dickensian Inns and Taverns. By B. W. Matz. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

AT last the auto has been found worthy! Impossible, will protest the pauper pedestrian, whose eyes have become crossed and legs four-directioned in frantic attempts to escape the charging demons of the city streets. But his disclaimers must be overruled. The soft-footed god of the machine has saved the English coaching inn from extinction, extinction all but consummated by the unaesthetic railroad. Is it not worth the occasional fracture of a rib by a drunken taxicab driver to know that somewhere, even though the land be across the seas, Three Jolly Bachelors Inn signs again creak joyously in the spring wind, inns where one meal consisted of two little salmon trout, a sirloin steak, a brace of partridges, seven dishes of meats, five dishes of dessert led off by a bowl of peaches, and cake? Taverns where for turtle soup "turtles were kept alive in huge vats, and as many as two tons were seen swimming in the vat at one time." Who of a cafeteried generation, elbow-frayed from the iron-wood seats of the one-armed, can read without a sigh?

For glimpses such as these he who turns the pages of "Dickensian Inns and Taverns" is grateful. But the glimpses are too few. Moreover, humor is too much absent. Were Matz writing of Milton, Macaulay, or Kant Inns and Taverns, the pin-and-chart method he here employs might be appropriate. Dickens hostelries, however, antithesis of the scientific, demand the pen of a man who laughs heartily upon every slightest occasion; a man sitting in front of a chuckling fire, and smoking, preferably a fat man. With this volume ensues a feeling that the author is cold, tobaccoless, and thin. To the pilgrim who would go along Nicholas Nickleby highroads, or sleep in Davy Copperfield beds, the volume is invaluable. Infinite research is evident in the effort to identify in fact, where only the slightest fictional clue is given. But the writer has followed his Dickens with a mathematician and a square rule instead of some jovial village bumpkin and a mug of ale.

BEN LUCIEN BURMAN

Lytton Strachey's Encore

Landmarks in French Literature. By Lytton Strachey. Henry Holt and Company. $2.

IN the differences between the formats of the original Home University Library edition of this work, published in 1912 and then sold for 50 cents a copy, and the present handsome volume, one may measure the distance traversed by Lytton Strachey toward popular esteem. Lytton Strachey, critic, was obliged to wait for the almost turbulent receptions his biographical works received to make his name coin current on the critical exchange, although this book, published in 1912, foreshadowed every excellence of his later work, particularly that of impaling complex qualities on a phrase. The Who's Who (London) of 1920, the compilation of which proceeded long after the publication of "Landmarks in French Literature" and the brilliant essays that now form "Books and Characters," ignored Mr. Strachey, not counting even his baronial ancestry

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in his favor, but "Queen Victoria" and "Eminent Victorians," forcing lifted eyebrows everywhere, made precious every morsel concerning this rare student and writer.

This volume, as well as "Books and Characters," bears eloquent testimony to Mr. Strachey's profound absorption and delight in French letters, biography and history. His essays on Racine and Stendhal in "Books and Characters" are rated as the first truly appreciative studies, by a foreigner, of Frenchmen honored in their own country, yet not appraised at their true value across the Channel. He writes of those Frenchmen and every other in the critical chronology contained in the volume under notice with the intimacy and aplomb of a native guide, recalling Arthur Symons in the intensity of his interest in French life and letters. With Symons he shares the distinction of being so remarkably bilingual that he might be taken as easily for a Frenchman in a Paris salon as for the Englishman he is in his native country-side.

For one who loves English literature deeply and understands it with discernment uncommon to the mere amateur, this volume is a triumph. Here we find placed, in intelligible relationship with each other and with the times in which they created, the hosts of French poets, essayists, novelists, dramatists and even philosophers. One must know thoroughly to be able to summarize with the aptness which Strachey always employs. His phrases are delectable, but they are used, not to sweeten stale judgments, but to give force to iconoclast conclusions. "Montaigne was neither a great artist nor a great philosopher; he was not *great* at all"; his reflections were superficial and insignificant before "the tremendous introspection of Rousseau." Referring to Racine's medium, he writes that that poet soared in shackles; Hugo possessed "the powers of a great genius and the soul of an ordinary man"; Voltaire's style is "like a rapier —all point"; Flaubert is at once the heir of, and the antithesis to, Balzac, while Dumas, the beloved Dumas, is mentioned only as "among those present." HARRY SALPETER

From the Soil

Stonecrop. By Cécile Tormay. Robert M. McBride and Company. $2.

WITH the succession of generations that look upon cities as natural phenomena, books as well as people have grown away from the land. The cry "Back to Nature!" seems forced and artificially romantic. Nevertheless, to a public accustomed to novels that specialize in the consideration of human conduct and present only glimpses of nature such as may be seen from a car window, a story rooted in the soil is invigorating. A smothered but persistent instinct tells us that we are dependent on the soil, and any tale which makes us feel, even temporarily, the powerful influence it still exerts, stabilizes us—although only in imagination—and refreshes us.

The title of Cécile Tormay's new book symbolizes not only the story but the book itself: it is as if hewn from the Croatian mountains. Like a piece of sculpture it epitomizes them; it is molded of their substance and preserves their rugged outlines. The tragedy is stark and unadorned save by the appeal and strength of the heroine. Her life has no incidents; it is a period of purely instinctive existence broken by a few drastic changes. Her long lonely wanderings among the great forests that foster an inborn love for the overhanging wild mountains; the contempt bestowed upon her by the hamlet in which she lives; her distressed longing for her mother, and the horror at her death; her dull marriage to the elderly track-walker; her primitive, untamed, subversive passion that at last, inevitably, ends her unhappiness with death—these are the materials of the story.

To convey the inarticulate simplicity of the characters demands, not a like untutored mode of utterance on the part of the author, but a difficult technique severely used to remove all marks of sophistication and deliberately to imitate, but at the same time to shape, the original innocence of expression. Miss Tormay has perfected this technique; not only does she picture the force and vivid color of the mountains and of the girl who lives on them, but she endows them with a beauty that is entirely of her own creating. Her prose is restrained even in crises, dramatic even in descriptions; it reproduces crude majesties of nature and glorifies them by its mellowness; and whatever is tender in that harsh scenery, whatever is especially womanly in the beautiful child of the mountains, it turns into quiet and memorable lyrics. EVA GOLDBECK

A Torch in the Dark

The Light Which Cannot Fail. By Winifred Holt. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.50.

LET a man close his eyes trying to imagine himself blind; and though he try never so hard he cannot even appreciate the reality. For the condition of blindness is without doubt far blacker and far brighter than what even I, though many years closely associated with blind people, can appreciate, since like most people I can by wishing open my eyes and see again with all that this means. However, I will hazard this generalization: the chief handicap of the blind is not their blindness but the attitude of the world toward them. This attitude varies all the way from that of David who refers to them as "the hated of my soul," to that of the extreme sentimentalist concerning whom Miss Holt writes under the caption Cupid Makes Havoc: "The first French blinded soldiers of the war were literally deluged with offers of marriage."

It is mainly to guide people to think and act sanely and therefore happily toward the blind that this "Keeper of the Light" has written her book. Any reader of it who approaches it sympathetically and with open mind must perceive that the author counsels wisely because she is herself wisely though deeply sympathetic. She tells many beautiful stories and she tells them well. The reader need not fear constant appeal to the emotions, but can rise from the book refreshed and invigorated, holding a new conception of what blindness may mean, and perhaps entertaining a desire to share in ameliorating it, surely in preventing it.

"The Light Which Cannot Fail" consists both of true tales and incidents, showing what and how the properly lighted torch can illumine and reveal unsuspected reserves in human strength under tragic circumstances, and of a handbook for the blind and their friends. There is also an appendix of memorable letters. A librarian might classify it all under Re-education of the Blinded; but it is more than that: it is, as already indicated, a message of hope and encouragement, having for its theme not only alleviation of the greatest burden of the blind but also what is fundamental, arousing interest in the prevention of blindness itself. It is beautifully printed. Read parts or all of it, and recommend it to your friends.

EDWARD E. ALLEN

The Originator of the Monroe Doctrine

The Personal Genesis of the Monroe Doctrine. By William A. MacCorkle, LL.D., D.C.L. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

EVER since Mr. Worthington C. Ford, in a paper read before the Massachusetts Historical Society in 1902, adduced evidence drawn from the papers of John Quincy Adams tending to show that Adams, and not Monroe, was the essential originator of the Monroe doctrine, historical students have been inclined to accept Mr. Ford's conclusions as final. It is true that the chain of evidence was not complete, since memoranda by Adams for the period from September 11 to November 7, 1823, just before Monroe's message was sent to Congress, were lacking, but what remained seemed at least to indicate a joint authorship of the doctrine, so far as Monroe's statement of it was concerned, in

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which Adams was to be credited with the larger share.

Mr. MacCorkle has come to the defense of Monroe in a book which, if no more conclusive than Mr. Ford's paper, is fairly to be accorded equal weight. Writing with no attempt to belittle either Adams or Mr. Ford, Mr. MacCorkle undertakes to clear Monroe of the charge of natural timidity which historians have been disposed to make, and of the further charge that his views, prior to the promulgation of the Monroe Doctrine, were not consonant with the vigorous phraseology of the doctrine itself. The imputation of timidity may be regarded as disposed of so far as argument drawn mainly from inference can serve. A man who, as Mr. MacCorkle points out, filled more important offices, in an ascending series, than have ever been held by any other American public man—member of the Virginia Assembly, of the Federal House of Representatives and of the Senate, and an officer in the army, twice governor of Virginia, minister to England, France, and Spain, member of the executive council of Virginia, of two State constitutional conventions, and president of the State convention of 1820, twice secretary of state, secretary of war, and in the War of 1812 practically secretary of the treasury, and twice president of the United States—is hardly entitled to be characterized as timid even if his record was not in any case one of great personal initiative or distinction.

The case for Monroe's attitude toward European relations with America, and his personal responsibility for the formulation of the doctrine which bears his name, turns upon the interpretation of scattered passages in his letters and messages. The evidence which Mr. MacCorkle adduces is too extensive and detailed to be examined here. The passages which he cites, however, go to show that Monroe was not at all unmindful of the danger to the United States of European encroachment, especially in South America, and that on several occasions prior to November, 1823, he expressed himself in no uncertain terms in opposition to European meddling. That his declarations at this point were hardly more than a reiteration of a policy whose origin goes back to the beginning of the republic may, indeed, be urged, but the argument applies with as much force to Adams as it does to Monroe. One puts down the book with a fairly clear impression that the famous message of 1823 stated in forcible language, at the psychological moment, an historical policy which neither Monroe nor Adams originated; that the formal statements of the message were a summary of views already expressed in Adams's communication to Rush, the American minister at London, which Monroe himself had revised, and in letters which had been exchanged between Monroe, Jefferson, and Madison, and that the credit for the formulation and announcement of the doctrine in the November message is, accordingly, an honor in which both Monroe and Adams are entitled to participate.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Treatise or Novel

After All. By George F. Hummel. Boni and Liveright. $2.

HAD the subject of this work been less vital and less absorbing Mr. Hummel would undoubtedly have achieved a better novel, for, as yet, he has not the power of H. G. Wells to make a *pièce à thèse* fascinating. His thesis is tremendously interesting; his writing astoundingly crude even for a first novel. Though there can be no question of the heartfelt sincerity with which he seeks to present the troubles of matrimony, there is grave doubt whether he realizes the difference between a novel and a Miltonian tractate.

After all, an author must decide whether he intends to write a treatise or a novel. He who has the courage to choose the latter bids farewell to commonplace incidents and insignificant arguments however large they may be writ in his diary; he recognizes, moreover, that a plot and not a brief is the foundation of his structure. On the other hand, a novel differs from an extended lyric poem in that it does not permit a complete katharsis.

One could more admire Mr. Hummel's indifference to these prohibitions of the novel form if its results were greater. But to represent a college debate on the advisability of building the Panama Canal as the field of battle where the presence of the object of an illicit puppy-love inspires our hero to victory, to repeat this motif with equal seriousness in a chess game, is treading with sublime unconsciousness on Max Beerbohm's preserves.

In the domain of sex, however, the author marks off his own province. Boldly and simply he narrates the erotic adventures that, in a modified quantity, fall to the lot of Everyman. "Seulement, la réserve n'était pas son fait." Or, as his wife puts it when she refuses a reconciliation, "I have never been able to convince you of how you handicap your usefulness by your impatience with any kind of reticence." In fact, though he improves much after the first part, Mr. Hummel has painstakingly overwritten his story by one hundred and fifty pages; the remaining two hundred pages are richly worth reading.

JOHAN J. SMERTENKO

Books in Brief

The Bridal Wreath. By Sigrid Undset. Translated from the Norwegian by C. Archer and J. S. Scott. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

Sigrid Undset is a capable writer. She knows how to tell a tale engagingly, and her present narrative of Viking life in old Norway is entertaining enough. Yet "The Bridal Wreath" is not unusual in substance or in form and its technique is time honored. It is the type of book which, once read, is put on the shelves for good or taken off only to make room for another novel. That the ripples created by it in the vast ocean of novels should reach the shores of America is amazing.

The Eternal Masquerade. By H. Dennis Bradley. Boni and Liveright. $2.

The theme of Mr. H. Dennis Bradley's book is simple to the point of absurdity. Having read somewhat in English history and delved more or less into intimate accounts of the manners and customs of the various periods, he goes about proving that the dress of an age always reflects its spirit. He holds strictly to the symbolism of clothes, and has cribbed the general idea of "Sartor Resartus," patched it up here and there with remnants of satire filched from Anatole France, and wrapped the much-used and abused philosophy of Nietzsche about him for greater protection. The result is history written with the air of a dancing-master.

The Dream and Other Poems. By John Masefield. The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

A slight volume, containing nothing that will substantially increase the reputation of Mr. Masefield. Only three poems, The Dream of Daniel, The Rider at the Gate, and The Racer, are above his average. The first is a philosophical piece, rather rich in atmosphere but inconclusive and ill-rhymed. The second is a Roman ballad. The third is a vigorous and entirely characteristic sonnet.

A Book of Love. Translated by Witter Bynner from the French of Charles Vildrac. With an Introductory Note by Emile Verhaeren. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

A modest and competent rendering of an honest and beautiful book. Some of the dignity and therefore some of the poetry of the original has been lost, but the loss was scarcely avoidable in translation. Mr. Bynner now and then is more familiar than Vildrac, and more sentimental. The love here celebrated is a man's delicate love for the world and all things in it, without regard to sex or station. Verhaeren's introduction is a masterpiece of unaffected analysis. Vildrac, he points out, has made us love not only the world he moves in but himself and ourselves too. That is the whole matter.

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The Handling of Words. By Vernon Lee. Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.50.

Penetrating, concrete studies in the psychology of literary effectiveness. Genuinely illuminating for both the reader and the writer.

Music

The Renaissance of English Music in England

IT seems a curious commentary upon our prejudices and discernment that a people can struggle into musical independence before we are apparently even aware of the struggle. Yet something like this has been happening in England. We have been so absorbed in the revolts of those countries on which we have always depended for leadership that we have failed to notice a much deeper and farther reaching movement nearby. The rebirth of a nation into its musical heritage has been overlooked, probably because we have so long denied the existence of that heritage; and its early cries have been more or less lost in the tonal unrest that has been sweeping the musical world, because the making of new idioms is usually a more obtrusive process than the making of new music.

Not that England has escaped this unrest. The exhaustion imposed by the war was too general and too profound for that; and the sustained intensity of those years of conflict left her, as her fellow combatants, bereft of emotional resources. But where her continental neighbors were, for the time being, bankrupt in those passional impulses so essential to their art, England, who had always depended more upon this art itself than upon its mainsprings, was merely deprived of a ready-made stimulus rather than of a fundamental need. Her native inspirational sources were still practically untouched; for her three hundred years of Puritanism and superimposed culture had left her past almost as fresh as her present. As long as that culture was guided by some living genius, she had allowed that culture to dominate her. She had, indeed, been too long crushed into disbelief in her own powers to resist any active creative force her neighbors might impose. Now, however, that the latter, in lieu of such a force, had resorted to artificial expedients and restoratives, she had found herself, for the first time in centuries, without the leadership of the Continent. Its cerebral concoctions could only scratch the surface of her mind, and their past, though fabulous in wealth, could only penetrate, not possess, her.

And so, while the rest of Europe was following these experiments, and dividing itself into musical camps, England was gradually throwing off all allegiances. Her composers no longer tried to write like Brahms or Wagner or Debussy, and, better still, her public no longer demanded it. Old favorites remained old favorites. But along with these foreign masterpieces could be heard another music peculiarly native to British ears: madrigals and motets, passacaglias and sarabandes, songs once sung to virginals and lutes and sonatas made for harpsichord and spinet, eighteenth-century satire and twentieth-century symbolism, and quartets and trios, symphonies and operas based on Celtic tales and Arthurian legend and the environs that gave them birth. It was a music that had no kinship with either German romanticism, Russian idealism, French impressionism or Italian melodrama, but had its roots in the rich lyricism of Tudor England, and in the mystic elements of folklore and of Nature.

To the former belong the works of Gustav Holst and Vaughan Williams; to the latter, those of Arnold Bax and John Ireland. From the Elizabethans, Holst drew largely of those virtues which make his symphony, "The Planets," a distinctly English work. And so great an admirer is he of their choral works that he not only built his own noble "Hymn of Jesus" upon their traditions, but, busy man that he is, takes one night a week to teach them to a club of working men and women. Vaughan Williams has also sought inspiration at the same wells, but has used his more preciously, perhaps, to weave the complexities of city and cockney life into a "London Symphony."

On the other hand, Bax and Ireland have turned to the phenomena of Nature for their strength. Bax, particularly, has drunk deeply of the magic that dwells in the Land of the Shee—that lovely strip of western coast so identified with the Irish literary movement. Here he spent the impressionable years of his youth in company with that group of young poets and intellectuals later known as "the Dublin crowd," and, Englishman though he is, the mysticism he imbibed in this atmosphere has left him touched ever since with its Celtic fire and melancholy. John Ireland, too, has gathered a certain rugged power from the soil, but he is still too inarticulate to express himself other than thickly.

Of these four men, Holst and Bax undoubtedly stand foremost. The other two of England's "Six," Eugene Goossens and Arthur Bliss, are more important for their value to the movement itself than for the intrinsic worth of their works, for Goossens is too facile in his instrumental writing, and Bliss indulges too much in trivialities and experiments to accomplish more than surface results. Neither, as yet, has developed a full and striking musical physiognomy. Both are generous, however, in making propaganda for their colleagues.

On the whole, the distinguishing features of this movement have been the musical independence of its individual members, and the ever-widening support which is being given to British music, both new and old. Where Schoenberg has his "school," Satie his five disciples, Stravinsky his followers and imitators, these men in England are neither sitting at anyone's feet, nor having anyone sitting at their own. As Goossens has so aptly put it, "Each man is a god, not *to*, but *in* himself." And with the British composer in his efforts are the British artist, the British publisher, the British public, and the British critic. We find Arnold Bax's publishers presenting his works in recital, and a large and distinguished audience *paying* to hear them performed by British artists. We find a famous organization like the Birmingham Repertory Theater devoting its highest artistry to a musical work of Celtic symbolism, Rutland Boughton's "The Immortal Hour," and enjoying an unprecedented run for such a venture. And we find, too, a cooperative organization, the British National Opera Company, taking a certain financial risk by producing a modern English opera, "The Perfect Fool," by Holst, and meeting with instantaneous success. At the same time, with this satire and symbolism of twentieth-century Britain, the Golden Age of the Elizabethans and the delicious lyricism of eighteenth-century England have been vying for favor in concert hall and theater, as though this florescence of everything English in sound must go back to the seeds from which it sprang. It seems, indeed, that England has remembered that she was once a great musical country, and, in the remembering, has discovered that she can be one again.

HENRIETTA STRAUS

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International Relations Section

Labor Disunion in Italy

THE left-wing union movement in Italy began after the collapse of the Labor Alliance last August, when the failure of the general strike broke up the effort at unity of the labor movement. Revolutionary leaders (left Socialists and Communists) and moderate leaders (General Federation of Labor officials) attacked each other violently, creating so much dissension that for a while the ranks of labor were thrown into confusion. The Fascist unions used this situation to increase their prestige and intensify their appeal to the spirit of nationalism, and the revolutionary elements lost ground. The left-wing-union movement represents the efforts of the Communists and Maximalists (left-wing Socialists) to gather up their scattered forces and put a straight class program before the workers. The "Labor Constituency" represents the moderate "unity" movement, and draws its inspiration from D'Annunzio, the mouthpiece of Italian Nationalists.

For a United Front

In January the following manifesto, bearing on this situation, was addressed to the Italian workers by three groups, the Executive Committee of the Third International, the Executive Committee of the Red Trade Union International, and the Committee for Fusion between the Italian Socialist Party and the Italian Communist Party.

To the Italian Proletariat:

For two years the Italian working class has been forced to bend little by little under the violent pressure of the capitalist offensive. . . . All civil, syndical, and political liberties have been trampled under foot; the standard of living for the workers and peasants has been forced down lower and lower; Fascist Italy has swept away the economic and social gains made by the workers in nearly thirty years of struggle. . . .

Disappointed in its hopes of great gains at the close of the war, and incapable of following any other course, capitalism is preparing on the one hand for new wars, while on the other it is attempting to guarantee its profits by applying to the workers and peasants of Italy, as well as to those of other countries, the same ferocious exploitation it has adopted in dealing with colonial populations. The Italian workers are reduced to the rank of Chinese coolies and Egyptian fellahs.

Faced with the enormous annual deficit of several billions, which is plunging the balance of the Italian state into hopeless depths, the Fascist Government has been driven to adopt "economy" measures which, in the long run, will only result in increasing the hunger and unemployment of the workers, who have already been driven to the verge of desperation.

There is no ground for illusion, therefore, regarding any change in the situation of the working class which is not based on the reorganization of its capacity for resistance and struggle. For this to be possible it is necessary to examine coolly the mistakes and failures of the past, the dangers to be avoided and overcome, and to propose tasks and methods adequate for the common struggle. The withdrawal of the Italian Socialist Party from the Third International, and of the General Federation of Labor from the Red Trade Union International, occurred in the first months of 1921, just at the time when the legal and illegal capitalist offensive was developing, and through these withdrawals the Italian proletariat was plunged into the greatest confusion, being left a victim to the maneuvers of reformist opportunism. . . .

The class instinct of the masses brought the Socialist Party to a realization of the abyss it was headed for, and the Congress of Rome broke the bonds that had united it with the Social-Democrats. . . .

The essential condition for the recovery of the workers' movement is that the working class regain its direction and put its hope solely in its own forces. . . . The policy of the Federation during these last two years of uninterrupted defeats for the working class has been based entirely on the stubborn illusion of collaborationism and on sabotage of the class struggle.

The magnificent seizure of lands and factories in 1920 was crushed in order not to compromise the chance of participation in the ministry—the price which was hoped for from the bourgeoisie in exchange for having "prevented revolution," according to the cynical confession of D'Aragona. The development of the factory councils . . . was interfered with by the Federation officials, in tacit and complete understanding with the employers, and the provisions for "syndical control" were hailed as a victory, though it has become a terrible farce for the workers, who, unarmed, were left helpless under the blows of revenge hurled at them by the employers. . . .

Thus, when the Communists proposed the united front, the Federation officials tried to counteract it by proposing "industrial investigation" at the Council of Verona; thus their only response to the insistent demand for the revival of the class struggle, which was made also by the Maximalists at the National Council of Genoa (July, 1922), was to talk about "making use of parliamentary action"; and thus in the Labor Alliance the reformists, with the aid of the Masonic pseudo-revolutionists, passed over every opportunity for carrying on the struggle under favorable conditions, and, with an unscrupulousness amounting to the blackest betrayal, spread confusion in the ranks of the working class by dragging it into a movement [the general strike of August, 1922] for which it was utterly unprepared, for the sole purpose of using the situation to gain parliamentary influence after the fall of Prime Minister Facta, and obtain a so-called radical solution.

The revival of the labor movement must be aimed not only at reestablishing the material conditions necessary for the functioning of the unions, but also and above all at checking the Fascist attempt to eradicate all class character and internationalism from the unions—an attempt in which the complicity of the Federation leaders is becoming more and more evident.

Internationalism is not a purely "technical" need (for the protection of emigrants, etc.), as the Social-Democrats would have it appear, but it is connected with the whole development of the labor movement, with the true meaning of the proletarian revolution, and with the role of the proletariat. . . . The world is sorely in need of order and unity. Imperialism itself, according to the keen analysis of Comrade Trotzky, is nothing but "the necessary expression of this need for unity and control of the whole economic life of the globe"; . . . But capitalism, because of the contradictions which are a necessary part of its existence, is no longer in a position to develop the task which it has taken upon itself: this is the task of socialism. . . . To renounce the internationalism of the labor movement is to sabotage the only reconstruction which is possible—that which is brought about by the working class in all countries, by the producers of the whole world, for the international administration and control of the various national industries and their harmonious coordination for the common good. . . .

This brings up the problem of the relationship between the unions and political parties of the working class. The system of "alliance agreements" based on the ridiculous separation of the economic struggle from the political struggle . . . is now out of date and is being readily abandoned. But this is not a reason for giving way to the theory of "political neutrality for unions," which practically amounts to an attempt on the part of

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the reformists or the Fascisti to get control of the unions in order to use them for bourgeois and counter-revolutionary purposes. We, who stand for independence of the unions from control by any party . . . warn the proletariat against the proposals of the Federation leaders, who, allied with the old-style syndicalists, want to transform the whole trade-union structure into a collaborationist and meek labor party. . . . An organization which is actually free from any alliance with political parties should attract all workers who are pledged to struggle against capitalist exploitation. . . . In such an organization, each politically organized group of workers shall formulate its own interpretations and draw up its own program and methods.

But this process of selecting methods and forming an original and unprejudiced policy of syndical action is not possible unless the organized masses can participate more directly and more constantly in union affairs.

The system which has been adopted by the Federation officials, especially in recent times, of taking the initiative in questions of greatest importance without consulting the masses, is in open violation of the statutes and of the deliberations of the national conventions, and is the cause of much confusion and demoralization in the ranks. These "full powers" of the Federation bureaucracy must come to an end, especially at this time when the most vital interests of the labor movement are at stake. . . .

One of the most scandalous manifestations of usurpation by Federation organizers and officials of power that had not been conferred on them is the tactics which they have adopted toward the so-called Fascist unions. The General Federation of Labor, always ready to threaten with expulsion Communist minorities . . . has ignored the alliance signed by Giulietti [with the Fascisti]. The initiative for the "labor constituency" is being carried out with the participation of well-known Federation organizers, and no step has been taken to publicly repudiate them and denounce them as traitors of the working class. . . .

In dealing with problems of relationship with the Fascist unions it is impossible to ignore their coercive character. Knowing that the workers enlisted in these unions have not gone over to the other side of the barricade, but are just demoralized and terrorized, we do not consider possible a pure and simple "fusion" of these organizations with the General Federation of Labor, because they are not free to carry on activities of a syndical nature. The problem must be met in another way.

The work of union reorganization must be quickly resumed, and class organizations must be strengthened in the industrial centers where the Fascist unions have had little success because it was not possible for the Fascisti to keep up their reign of terror forever. . . . As this action develops, the implicit contradictions in the economic program and syndical action of the Fascisti are bound to become evident. When the workers in the Fascist unions return to the unified Federation, class organization and class consciousness . . . will triumph over all the transformations and adulterations that took place under the pressure of hunger and violence. We are therefore opposed to any fusion which is purely the product of an infamous alliance between reformist and Fascist leaders, for the purpose of checking the revival of class activity in the unions and to complete the work of destruction begun by the capitalist offensive.

In the face of the grave difficulties of the situation . . . it is necessary to store up all the reserve energy of the working class and mobilize it untiringly in the task of reorganization. . . . The need for the united front is self-evident. . . . To make over the unions—this is the first call of the united front. We must not tire of proposing it day after day, on every occasion and to all the workers, even the Social-Democrats, making them choose between class struggle and collaboration, so that we may work hand in hand with them or show them up in their true colors if they refuse. . . .

The united front cannot be brought about through propaganda and persuasion alone; it must be built up by daily action, in answer to the evident need of the whole trade-union structure. It must propose demands which represent the interests of all workers without distinction and which respond to the most urgent needs of working-class life, namely, (1) For collective agreements in industry and agriculture, and defense of the standard of living of the workers and the contract clauses dealing with the high cost of living; (2) for the eight-hour day, even in relation to the problem of unemployment; (3) against all forms of wage taxation; (4) against the policy of indirect taxation, which is a burden on consumers and increases the hardships of the working class; (5) for the maintenance of social insurance, its extension to the agricultural proletariat, and its adoption with new provisions for the aid of the unemployed and their families; (6) for a policy in defense of poor rent-payers; (7) against the transfer of government-owned industries to private control; (8) for the functioning of the shop-committees for the effective protection of the interests of the workers on the job.

Systematic daily action, using the united front to agitate for these immediate demands of the present situation, must culminate in general political action of the working class. The bitter experiences of these past years have shown us that each individual gain in the syndical and political fields soon becomes a vain illusion unless it is consolidated and made permanent through the conquest of political power by the class that will use it to defend the immediate gains in the interests of all producers and develop them into a new form of social organization. . . .

In the unified ranks of the united front the group of left-wing unions must continue its work of defending the class and international character of the unions. And if this means losing the chance to participate in the deliberative bodies of the government, we claim that such participation is not worth the sacrificing of the most elemental rights of the proletariat.

The pacifist and collaborationist theories and tactics of the Amsterdam group and its "reconstruction" policy must be fought with all possible publicity, because they are responsible for the weakness of the trade-union movement and are always standing in the way of mass action by disarming the masses at the very time when the capitalist offensive is spreading and growing more violent. The watchword "For Moscow, Against Amsterdam" expresses the class tactics which will give life to the unions and enable them to face the new situation. We, like the Communists in other countries, do not want to affiliate with the Red Trade Union International as a small fraction or even an appreciable part of the labor movement, but only after we have won over the majority so that we can assume on behalf of the whole working class the direct responsibility for the new tactics and the new policy. . . .

Day by day and hour by hour we must labor to unite the exploited workers in the bonds of organization, and utilize the unions to form contacts with the workers and peasants. We call upon all organized workers, the old militants as well as the young recruits, to aid us in this task. It must have for its starting-point the fields and factories, where the workers can be reached on their jobs and where their personal experience makes them strongly conscious of the need for this work. . . . This simple but essential program can best be carried out by a fusion of the two proletarian parties, Socialist and Communist, and of their respective trade-union committees. This is bound to result in an immediate renewal of all forms of labor activities. The working class has not resigned itself to slavery; it is chafing under bonds which it abhors and longing to free itself. But this cannot be done if the Fascisti, aided by the tactics of the reformists, get control of the unions, which would simply mean letting them fall into the hands of the employers.

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Comrades, to work! . . . Fusion of the two parties is the dawn of a bitter but splendid struggle, through which the working class will regain its right to life and set out again on the road leading to its own emancipation from the political and economic slavery of the capitalist class.

Moscow's Fourteen Points

This urgent plea for a "united front" on the basis of left-wing tactics was doomed to failure. The Italian Socialist Party has always indorsed the Third International but its reservations in regard to Moscow's famous "Twenty-one Conditions" for entrance have made it impossible for the Italian Socialists to join. In order to try to reach an agreement with Moscow the party sent a delegation to the Fourth Congress of the Third International. The delegates returned with fourteen new conditions which were submitted to a special party congress held at Rome in April. The conditions were as follows:

In consideration of the decision of the congress of the Italian Socialist Party at Rome (October, 1922), which expelled the reformists from the party and declared itself ready to adhere unreservedly to the Communist International, the Fourth World Congress of the Communist International decides:

1. The general situation in Italy, especially after the victory of Fascist reaction, urgently demands immediate union of all the revolutionary forces of the proletariat. . . .

2. The Communist International sends to the long-suffering proletariat of Italy its fraternal greetings. It is firmly convinced of the sincerity of the proletarian elements in the Italian Socialist Party, and decides to receive it into the Communist International.

3. The application of the Twenty-one Points is considered by the Fourth World Congress as beyond dispute. Therefore it instructs the executive committee of the Communist International to take charge of the application of these conditions, as well as any measures which they may involve.

4. After examining the speech made by Deputy Vella at the party congress in Rome, the Fourth Congress holds that Vella and those who support him shall not be included in the future unified Communist Party of Italy. The Fourth Congress calls upon the executive committee of the Italian Socialist Party to expel from the party all those who make reservations regarding the application of the twenty-one conditions.

5. Whereas according to the statutes of the Communist International there cannot be more than one section of the Communist International in a country, the Fourth World Congress decides that fusion between the Socialist and Communist parties of Italy must take place at once. The unified party shall be called Unified Communist Party of Italy (section of the Communist International).

6. For the practical realization of this fusion, the Fourth Congress will appoint a special organization committee composed of three members for each party, which shall be presided over by a member of the executive committee. From now on this committee shall determine the course to be followed for the fusion in Italy and supervise the process of this fusion. The executive committee of the Communist International shall have the final decision with regard to all the deliberations of this committee. The central committees of the two parties shall have charge of the affairs of their respective parties, but they shall be subordinate to the organization committee in all political matters except those relating to preparation for the fusion.

7. Organization committees shall be established in the various industries and in the large cities, and shall be composed of two members from the Communist Party and two from the Socialist Party; the president shall be chosen by the representative of the executive committee.

8. These organization committees shall not only prepare the way for actual fusion, but shall also supervise the common political activities of the two organizations.

9. A syndical committee shall be established at once, whose task it shall be to show up the treason of the Amsterdam men in the General Federation of Labor and obtain a majority for the Profintern. This committee also shall be composed of two representatives from each party, presided over by a comrade named by the executive committee of the Communist International and by the organization committee. The syndical committee shall be controlled by the organization committee.

10. In cities where there is a Communist paper and a Socialist paper, they must be merged not later than January 1, 1923. The editorial staff of the central organ shall be appointed by the executive committee of the Communist International for the coming year.

11. The congress for fusion shall take place not later than March 15, 1923. If before this congress it should be necessary to hold special congresses of the two parties for purposes of information or preparation, it shall rest with the executive committee of the Communist International to decide upon the date, the place, and the conditions of such congresses.

12. The congress shall instruct the central committee of five to formulate a particular plan of procedure.

13. The congress decides to issue a special manifesto on the question of fusion. This manifesto must be published immediately with the signatures of the president and the delegates of both parties to the Fourth Congress.

14. The congress reminds all the Italian comrades of the necessity for the strictest discipline. All comrades, without exception, are obliged to do their utmost to complete the fusion without further delay. Any breach of discipline in the present situation will be a crime against the Italian proletariat and against the Communist International.

The congress of the Communist International also sent a message to the Socialist Party congress urging unity on these terms. The Fourteen Points were debated at some length and the opposition formed itself into a Committee for Socialist Defense which fought with particular vigor against acceptance of the Moscow terms. They argued that these conditions involved "the dissolution of the Italian Socialist Party" and moved their rejection. The original motion in favor of union on the basis of the terms laid down by the Communist congress was decisively defeated. At present the labor front in Italy is still disunited and the Socialists, although they have rejected the Amsterdam International and have "purged" their own ranks of reformists and collaborationists, are outside the Third International.

Ahead of the *Times*

On August 12th the New York *Times* announced that the full text of the new Russian Constitution had just reached this country, and it printed a translation "made from a copy in German sent to the [New York] *Volkszeitung* by a high official of the Russian Soviet Government."

Part of that constitution had been printed in The Nation *for January 31, 1923. The remaining part was printed in copies of* The Nation *on sale in New York on August 9th.* The Nation *translated it from the original Russian as printed in the official organ of the Soviet Government, the Moscow* Izvestia.

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